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The Valenian

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THE VALENIAN
1917

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VALPARAISO, INDIANA

The Valenian

VALPARAISO PUBLIC LIBRARY
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Published by the
Class of Nineteen Hundred
Seventeen
Valparaiso High School

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Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

To

MISS OLIE WELTY

whose unselfish devotion to the Class of '17 we can never forget, this Annual is, with deep and sincere affection, dedicated.

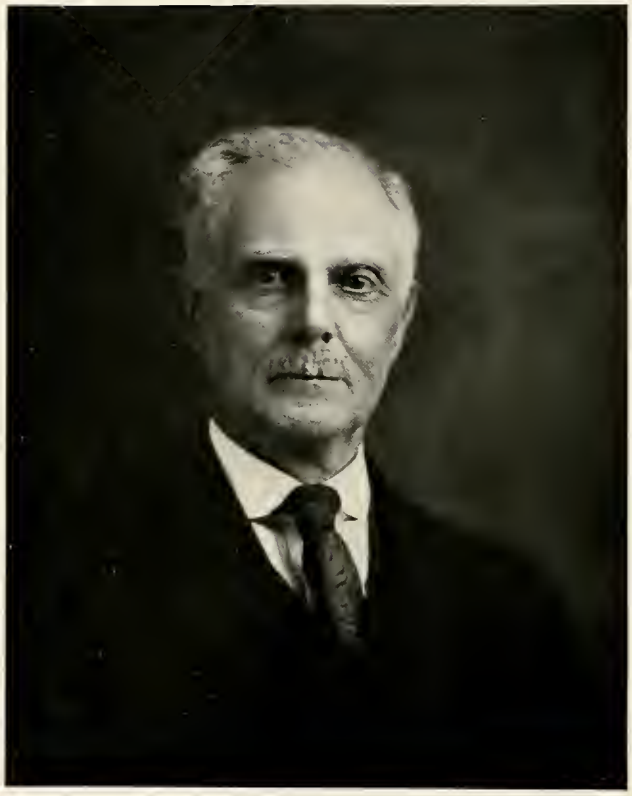
FOREWORD

Here is our Annual.

If we have made a book that shall truthfully mirror our happy school life, and shall, to some extent at least, reflect in its pages the pleasures we have known; if we have made a book that shall serve as some slight reward to those who have labored so faithfully to give us the advantages of learning; if we have made a book that shall, in days to come, help bring back pleasant memories to our classmates; if we have done this, then we have succeeded in our effort.

Here is our Annual.

YE FACULTY



C. W. BOUCHER

Superintendent of Schools

During the two years in which Mr. Boucher has been Superintendent the schools of Valparaiso have made great progress in organization and efficiency. His regime has been unusually successful, and he has been a true friend to every member of the Class of '17.

H. M. JESSEE, B. S., PRINCIPAL

State Normal

Perhaps no High School position is more trying than Mr. Jessee's, but he has filled it with remarkable dignity and success. His work as instructor in Algebra has placed him in the front rank of High School teachers.

MINNIE C. McINTYRE, ASST. PRINCIPAL

University of Chicago

Our class has had no better friend during our High School career. Her lofty ideals and elevated state of mind have been an inspiration to us all.

"To those who know her not, no words can paint;
And those who know her know all words are faint."

HELEN M. BENNEY, Ph. B., ENGLISH

University of Chicago

Miss Benney has been at the head of the English department for a number of years. She is patient, thorough, and painstaking in her classes, and has won the unbounded esteem of all her pupils.

OLIE WELTY, LATIN

University of Chicago

What Miss Welty doesn't know about Latin (not a dead language!) has not yet been found out. She is loved by all her pupils, and has carried her good work outside the school-room by working faithfully with the basket ball girls.

BENJAMIN F. SHAFER, B. S., SCIENCE

Valparaiso University

Great progress has been made in the work of the Science department since Mr. Shafer came here in the fall of 1915. He knows his subjects—Botany, Physics, and Chemistry—thoroughly, and besides being a splendid teacher he is a general favorite with his pupils.

MABEL E. YOUNG, COMMERCIAL

Metropolitan School

Miss Young now has in her charge the Typewriting, English II and Phonography classes. In these subjects Miss Young, with the aid of her extensive business experience, proves herself a very competent and successful instructor.

CLAUDE O. PAULEY, B. S., MATHEMATICS

University of Indiana

One of the two men profs who joined the faculty at the beginning of our Senior year. A man of great patience and a thorough student, as is evidenced by his ability to work "trig" problems and reel off Latin, "aztwer."

BERNIECE REYNOLDS, A. B., HISTORY

Lake Forest, Cornell

Her classes are popular among the anxious Freshies and sophisticated Sophomores whom she patiently instructs in English and History. It is generally agreed that her charm and youthfulness have indeed proved an asset to the school as a whole.

R. R. McCLURG, COMMERCIAL

Marion Normal School

Quiet and of prepossessing appearance, Mr. McClurg has taken a high place on our excellent faculty. The interest he has shown in helping us to acquire a graceful hand-writing is fully appreciated by the student body.

ELIZABETH RECHENBERG, GERMAN

Valparaiso University

Eine gute Deutsche Lehrerein. At the beginning of the school year in 1916 the German department was re-established and since then Miss Rechenberg has divided her time between the High School and the University. She is a personification of that rare quality, patience.

IRA L. SPEAR, MANUAL TRAINING

Indiana State Normal

It would be difficult to find a teacher so universally well-liked as Mr. Spear. His kindness and amiability have endeared him to all the boys who are fortunate enough to have him for an instructor. "Let us learn the dignity of labor," is his motto.

MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW, DOMESTIC SCIENCE

DePauw, Columbia, Valparaiso

We can imagine that the task of teaching grade and high school girls the gentle art of cooking would not be child's play. Few could conduct their classes with the patience and amiability that Miss Bartholomew maintains.

ELLA BROOK, DOMESTIC ART

Valparaiso University

Miss Brook has led us from weaving, sewing cards, and simple stitches to where we can do all kinds of needlework, not omitting patching, darning, and millinery. To teach girls how to live well on a small income and save something for a rainy day is her aim.

MILDRED ARCHER, MUSIC

Columbia School of Music

Miss Archer is the instructor in music in the Valparaiso schools; her ability along this line is unusual and her experience is wide. Her work is characterized by a sweetness of disposition and an unfailing perseverance.

MRS. LU S. BROOKE, CLERK

We do not hold it against Mrs. Brooke that she puts such low grades on our monthly cards; her kindness and gentleness have won for her the love of all with whom she comes in contact.

THE VALENIAN STAFF

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Frederic Arvin
Assistant Editor . . . . . Helen Kull
Business Manager . . . . . Maxwell Evans
Assistant Manager . . . . . Earl Smith
Artist . . . . . Rosemary Lawrence
Society . . . . . Irene Ball
Athletics . . . . . Earle Mavity
Jokes . . . . . Helen Dean
Alumni . . . . . Helen McNiece
Calendar . . . . . Gladys Ritz

EDITOR'S NOTE

It was the wish of the Class of '17 to establish a permanent name for the Annual. A committee was therefore appointed from each of the four classes, and these committees together chose "The Valenian." It is the understanding that the classes now in High School will use this name for their annuals.—F. A.

EDITORIAL

(A Free-Verse Fable)

Once upon a Time
(Legends, Novels, Fables and other
Such Untruths
Have a Habit of Happening Then),
There was a Boy.
His Father was a Merchant
Or a Carpenter or a Banker or
Whatever you Please, and his Mother
Was the Best
Of all Good Mothers.
They Together
Worked and Saved and Sacrificed all their Lives
To Give the Boy an Education.
Well, the Boy,
He Took it.
Took it like a Dose of Quinine or the Measles.
He got Through the Grades
And High School, and Then he Thought:
"Dad and Mother are Pippins;
I'll say That for Them.
But they're Old-fashioned and Have
Queer Ideas.
Here I've Gone Through High School and
I'm Educated.
I'll Get some Soft Job and You See
Whether I'm not Rich at Forty."
Which Proved the Boy
To be One Part Peacock and Two Parts
Pure Fool.
Well, he, as Might be Expected,
Never Got a Job—
At Least, not a Good One. He Broke
His Father's Heart and his Mother's.
At Forty he was Clerking
In a Shoe Store.
At Seventy he was a Crushed, Childish Old Man.
The Moral is, I Think,
Clear.

—*Frederic Arvin*

IN MEMORIAM

EVA BROWN

Born—September 5, 1896
Died—February 21, 1914

MARJORIE BLOUNT

Born—July 21, 1899
Died—April 1, 1909

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

SENIORS
COLLEGE
HIGH SCHOOL
THE GRADES
1911

THE CLASS OF '17

Officers

President—Helen Wark Vice President—Ray Stubbs

Treasurer—Raymond Sego

COLORS—Silver and Old Rose FLOWER—Rose

MOTTO—Not compulsory but voluntary action.

Class Roll

Frederic Arvin
Irene Ball
Ruth Bennett
Alice Blachly
Helen Dean
Margery Ellis
Maxwell Evans
Edna Griebel
Martha Heard
Gertrude Hiltpold
Laura Holst
Forrest Jones
Helen Kull
Paul LaCount
Rosemary Lawrence
Earle Mavity
Helen McNiece
Gladys Ritz
Herbert Schleman
Raymond Sego
John Shatz
Earl Sherwood
Earl Smith
Louise Smith
Max Specht
Emory Stoner
Ray Stubbs
Bernard Szold
Grace Wareham
Helen Wark
Cynthia Willing

Ex-Members

Jane Banta
David Banta
Sale Blachly
Eva Brown
Ruth Bryant
Hugh Casbon
Mary Coleman
Mable Dille
Hazel Dreesen
MonaBelle Foster
Elizabeth Guerney
Lila Heineman
Flossie Hitesman
Lyal Hughart
Audrey Hutton
Maryhelen Johnston
Verdie Kilburn
Roy Knapp
Irene Leffingwell
Carryl McQuiston
Lorena Mansfield
Linus McCue
Ida Phillips
Irene Ruge
Flossie Skaer
Olive Smith
Faylodene Sparks
Cecil Spindler
Lloyd Swope
Mary Turk
Rosina Vella
Dorothy Vanamon
Margaret Yohn

HELEN WARK

"Wark's" vigorous bass first broke the accustomed stillness of our vale in the month of July, 1898. After dashing through the grades and the first three years of High School she was unanimously acclaimed president of the Senior class. Since then she has taken the lead in all our activities and has served the class loyally.

Class President; Class Will; Senior Play.

Helen Wark

RAY STUBBS

Ray left the land of chanting negroes and languishing maidens two years ago (to the great loss of that section) and made himself a valuable addition to our class. Immensely well-liked from the first, he became this year vice-president. He has always had the best interests of the class at heart.

Vice-President; Civics Class Council; Oratorical.

Ray Stubbs

RAYMOND SEGO

We think Raymond has made a wonderful record this year—he has ably filled the office of treasurer and has still preserved his former popularity undiminished. He is one of our hardest and most consistent workers. The bard must have been thinking of Raymond when he said:

"He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust."

Treasurer; Senior Play.

Raymond Sego

FREDERIC ARVIN

What would we have done in Senior meetings that they might be termed "business-like" had not Frederic given us instructions for the annual? In him are combined the characteristics of the poet and the possibilities of youth.

"Infinite riches in a little room."

Editor-in-Chief; Oratorical; Senior Play.

HELEN KULL

Helen has a superior gravity combined with a Teutonic build, which together make her most imposing. Nor is her profound appearance lessened in any degree by her abstract and far-away gaze while studying in the assembly room. She may best be described as having "a Greek head on Yankee shoulders."

Assistant Editor; Oratorical; Civics Class Council.

MAXWELL EVANS

Whether or not Max's main purpose in going through High School is to acquire a classical education, is a matter open to discussion. But however little inclination he may have toward exhaustive research, he has nevertheless lost no friends on that account.

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

Business Manager; President H. S. A. A.; Senior Play; Class President (3).

EARL V. SMITH

Tall, handsome, and dashing, but with no love for science or literature, "Farmer" has the most profound disgust for anyone who expresses, after four years in High School, any attachment for Emerson or Sir Isaac Newton. His only regret in life, he says, is that he was "seventeen days too young."

Assistant Business Manager; Senior Play; Oratorical; Treasurer (3).

Earl V. Smith

ROSEMARY LAWRENCE

To Rosy belongs the credit for the artistic excellence of "The Valenian." We all feel proud of her remarkable talent and hope that the success which is due her in life may come quickly. She may have troubles of her own, but if so the rest of us never know it, for she always maintains a cheery, optimistic demeanor.

Staff Artist.

Rosemary Lawrence

EARLE MAVITY

One day in April, 1899, Earle began arguing vehemently with the nurse, and has been repeating the performance with somebody ever since. If he doesn't turn out to be Minister to England or Chief Justice or President, it won't be his fault.

"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."

Athletic Editor; H. S. A. A.; Senior Play.

G. Earle Mavity

IRENE BALL

Whenever time lags at a party, Irene comes to the front and succeeds in arousing the spirit of the bunch. Sparkling, vivacious and lively as she is, there is always sure to be something doing when she is around.

"Strange that a harp of a thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

Society Editor; Civics Class Council; Senior Play; Oratorical.

HERBERT SCHLEMAN

He doesn't look it, but Herb has a decided inclination toward "nice, moonlight nights" and weenie roasts, as he has himself confessed on various occasions. Despite certain vocal impediments, Herb makes life easy for us by reciting when everyone else is silent and dreading the wrath of the teachers.

Oratorical; Civics Class Council.

HELEN DEAN

Our class boasts the best singer—or singess—in the school. Helen's voice has lent charm to innumerable programs and things, but we never weary of it. Besides doing her share toward increasing the avoirdupois of the class, Helen has furnished by her cheerfulness and unfailing optimism an inspiration to us all.

Joke Editor; Senior Play.

GLADYS RITZ

As jolly and companionable a girl as could be found in twenty high schools. Everyone is her friend because she herself is everyone's friend. Gladys is as reliable as a clock (with the exception that she never stops), and because of her independence no fears need be entertained for her future.

Senior Play; Calendar Editor.

FORREST JONES

This expansive youth has a pompous bearing that is quite deceptive, for he is really most genial and hearty. We do not know whether to connect his unusual bulk with his bored inattention in English, but we have our suspicions.

"Live slowly; it feels better."

Senior Play.

CYNTHIA WILLING

We are strongly tempted to commit the crime of making a pun on Cynthia's surname. However, her actions speak for themselves, and in addition to her high degree of scholarship, Cynthia has proved her worth by quietly and unostentatiously assuming little duties that others have left undone.

Historian.

RUTH BENNETT

Aside from a marked propensity toward walking around the assembly room and one equally pronounced toward dreaming in the class room, Ruth is perfectly normal. Her class spirit is unfailing, and she has always been in the front ranks of the hard workers.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Senior Play; Oratorical; Prophet.

EMORY STONER

Here's to the fellow who silently falls into a plan, and without a grumble or word of complaint helps carry it through to a successful finish. Emory may not have much to say, but he has a great deal to do, and he goes ahead and does it without much talking.

Senior Play; Oratorical.

HELEN McNIECE

A sunny disposition and an unfailing class spirit are Helen's outstanding characteristics. However much her blushes and dimples may charm, she herself is almost frigid to members of the male sex.

"If e'er she knew an evil thought, she spake no evil word."

Alumni Editor; Senior Play.

MARGERY ELLIS

Margery began to read her first book on the twenty-ninth of April, 1900. Her devotion to the masters of culture and learning has imparted to her countenance an air of classical distinction.

"Great thoughts, great feelings came to her
Like instincts, unawares."

Centennial Editor; Oratorical.

Margery Ellis

BERNARD SZOLD

Although he has no powerful love for the much-abused Cicero, and although Tennyson's works mean nothing in his young life, Bernie is a diligent and conscientious student, and seldom comes up lacking.

His deliberate method of reciting has helped to pass many weary periods delightfully.

Senior Play.

Bernard Szold.

LOUISE SMITH

Another one of our exemplary classmates whose eternal glory it is that they make no complaints about anything, but labor untiringly in all that we attempt. Louise's gray matter is as long as she is herself.

"Fate tried to conceal her by naming her Smith."

Senior Play; Civics Class Council.

Louise Smith

EDNA GRIEBEL

Always agreeing, never intolerant, with a meagre supply of enthusiasm, is this unobtrusive little maid. For four years she has played rag-time tunes for the students to march out by and has generously smiled on all who pass her. Other than the innumerable times she has been obliged to change her seat away from Earl, she rarely varies her daily routine.

MAX SPECHT

A hearty, good-natured chap, with a smile—and a blush—that won't come off. Some say that the gentle zephyrs of summer and the bitter winds of winter that blow at dear old Flint fanned that bloom permanently into his cheeks, while others attribute it to heavy eating.

"No problem too deep for him; no words too brief for him."

Senior Play; Oratorical.

GRACE WAREHAM

We do not hear much from Grace, but we always feel that she is getting there, just the same. She is a quiet and retiring maiden, with a smile and a friendly word for everyone. Grace is like the w. k. sun—you hardly notice her when she's around, but when she's gone you miss her like the dickens.

GERTRUDE HILTPOLD

Like a tragic heroine emerging from between the covers of Shakespeare, Gertrude has a serious mien and a dignified bearing that are most prepossessing. As a result her recitations are more generally learned than lucid. The Class of '17 has her to thank for the astounding information that "it is between."

Civics Class Activities.

PAUL LA COUNT

We predict that before many years the now obscure Kouts will be known throughout the country as the home of LaCount. Paul, with his two hundred and twenty-four pounds of the real Hoosier thing, joined us only this year, but he immediately became prominent in our class activities.

MARTHA HEARD

One of the few three-and-a-half-year pupils in our class. We are indeed proud of Martha's record, which is an unusual one, and predict great things for her. She has declared her intention of becoming a professional cook; here's good luck to her future spouse!

LAURA HOLST

One drear November day in that (more or less) eventful year, 1899, the skies that had so long frowned gloomy and sullen above suddenly became bright and cheerful—the fair Laura had stepped graciously on the stage of the world! (Virgil, sweep out padded cell No. 213!)

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

JOHN SHATZ

One of whom the class is surely proud. When John entered High School he was made to believe that one of the essential studies of his course was Shoveling, and that "Foxy" was the professor, but you couldn't make John believe anything like that now.

His one ambition is to run the government for about four years.

Senior Play.

ALICE BLACHLY

How the people out at Blachly's Corners have been able to do without Alice for the last four years is more than we can see. Quiet and unassuming, she has assured for herself a place in the hearts of her classmates.

"A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."

EARL SHERWOOD

"Yay" has a military carriage and a belligerent aspect that would do credit to a Caesar. His learned discourses in Physics are only a disguise to conceal a most unscholastic nature. However, he has already endeared himself to members of the Freshman class by his willingness to expound to them the intricacies of Algebra.

Winner of District Discussion League Contest.

A POETIC SHEAF

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide.
To me, fair friend, you never can be old
As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide.
For there thy habitation is the heart,
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine?
They have departed—thou shouldst now depart
Without the sin of violating thine.
Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
What greater bliss attends their close of life
Than this new glory from the East hath made?
That beauty still may live in thine or thee
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

(Lest the reader should begin to pass judgment on the above sonnet we hasten to give the just credit for its authorship to the following obscure poets, in order: Keats, Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, Byron, Mrs. Browning, Shelley, Cowper, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Charles Tennyson Turner, Shakespeare again, and Wordsworth.—The Editor.)

JUANITA WHITNEY came slowly up the veranda steps, to all appearances unconscious of the early autumn beauty about her.

"Well, how does my little Freshman find High School?" her mother greeted her, smiling understandingly, as she saw the sober expression on her daughter's usually sunny countenance.

"Oh, Mother, I—I don't know. I—I've looked forward all summer to entering High, an'—and this morning—why, those upper classmen were positively mean! They actually seemed to revel in our torture—and our first day, too!"

Mrs. Whitney laughed gaily, her mind flashing back over her own High School days.

"Well do I remember," she began, "when I entered High School on just such a day as this in September, 1913. So large did the assembly room seem to us that as Mr. Jessee, our principal, led us into that great sea of taunting smiles to our respective seats we prayed that if ever we found those seats we might never be obliged to leave them."

"But it wasn't like that the whole year?" Juanita beseeched.

"Oh, no. Although the saddest event of our High School career occurred in our first year, some of the brightest and happiest occurrences should be assigned to it also. After February, 1914, we were obliged to sail on among the huge and dangerous rocks of Algebra and Latin to our Freshman picnic and colonial tea-party without one of our crew who had slipped away as quietly as she had lived among us. It was with looks of scorn and

feelings of envy that the Seniors of that year heard our invitations to the faculty and the boys of our class to join us after our colonial play at a feast."

"But weren't you relieved the next year when you found yourselves Sophs?" queried Juanita.

"Well, perhaps we were. At any rate, we immediately proceeded to forget that Freshies are green and tender and must be handled with care."

A groan—shall I say a grunt?—escaped our young Freshman.

Again Mrs. Whitney laughed and resumed her story. "During our Sophomore year we climbed the usual mountains of Algebra and Geometry, waded through the swamps of History, received hostages with Caesar, and explored English shores. As a result of our English explorations, we gave a play, after which the boys of the class entertained the girls and faculty at a spread."

"And then you were Juniors?"

"Yes, when we returned to High School the next fall we were Juniors. The first thing we did after organizing our class was to hold a weenie roast on the beach of a lake known as Flint Lake, about three miles north of our town, and a jolly time we had. After Mr. Boucher, our superintendent had eaten thirty (?) weenies, we left for home to dream of the events of the evening, and incidentally of weenies and catsup.

"After an operetta given by the school in general on St. Valentine's Day, the Juniors and their beloved teachers and friends repaired to the base-

WHEN WE WERE FRESHMEN

WHEN WE WERE SOPHOMORES

ment of the school building, where they enjoyed a delicious 'feed' and a general good time.

"However, the big event of the year took place in the spring of 1916, when we Juniors, according to an established custom, entertained the Seniors. We lavishly spent our carefully hoarded dues and slaved for days to prepare a feast for our much-worshipped Seniors. When everything was in readiness we again went to Flint Lake and gave the Seniors the time of their lives—dancing, boating, playing and eating."

"It must take ages to get to be a Senior," sighed Juanita.

"It won't seem any time at all until you are a Senior," replied Mrs. Whitney. "We could scarcely realize at first that we had reached the last lap toward our final goal, which was, of course, graduation.

"The whole year was one round of work and pleasure. In the end it proved all pleasure, for, although we did not appreciate it at the time, our work brought success, and surely success is a pleasure.

"Our originality (of which we were very proud) was displayed most prominently by our green and white felt caps and by our annual.

"After enjoying any number of parties, after giving a very successful play, after being entertained by the hard-working and long-suffering Juniors, after publishing the best annual ever printed and giving it a name which would be passed down through the following generations, the Class of '17,

WHEN WE WERE JUNIORS

with its orators, actors and poets, turned with dewy eyes and aching hearts from the place where the best years of its life had been spent, to face the great, cold world, and to struggle toward ideals, and, no doubt, to climb the steep ladder of Success."

Mrs. Whitney finished, and Juanita, who had listened attentively and with evident interest to her mother's narration, sat chin in hand, staring thoughtfully into space. Perhaps she was wondering whether the class of which she was a member would have such a noteworthy career in High School as her mother's. At any rate, she at length arose, and saying, "It must be worth the effort," entered the house.

—*Cynthia Willing*

THE CLASS OF 'SEVENTEEN

Officers

President—Albert Cloud Vice-President—Ruth Jessee

Secretary-Treasurer—Jesse Pratt

Class Roll

Margaret Altemiller
Litha Ballinger
Luther Bloch
Doris Campbell
Esther Clapper
Myrtle Claussen
Albert Cloud
Vera Cole
Vera Conover
Charlotte Daskam
Cecil Davidson
Charles Dickover
Estella Freeman
Clifford Groome
Arthur Gruenert
Helen Herrick
Geneva Holman
Ruth Jessee
William Jessee
Thomas Johnson
Robert Keeler
Arthur Keene
Ruth Kelly
Letha Kilburn
Marie Lisle
Oliver Loomis
Gretchen Marquart
Maurine McCord
Jennie Miner
Marian Osborne
Eleanor Pendleton
Jesse Pratt
Jason Runyan
Herman Schroeder
William Sergeant
Winifred Seymour
Fern Shedron
Edward Sierks
John Sievers
Arthur Steward
Mark Stoner
Edwin Szold
Minnie Taggart
Dorothy Thompson
Frank Wilson
Russel Wood
Mildred Wyman

THE CLASS OF 'EIGHTEEN

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Cecil Davidson

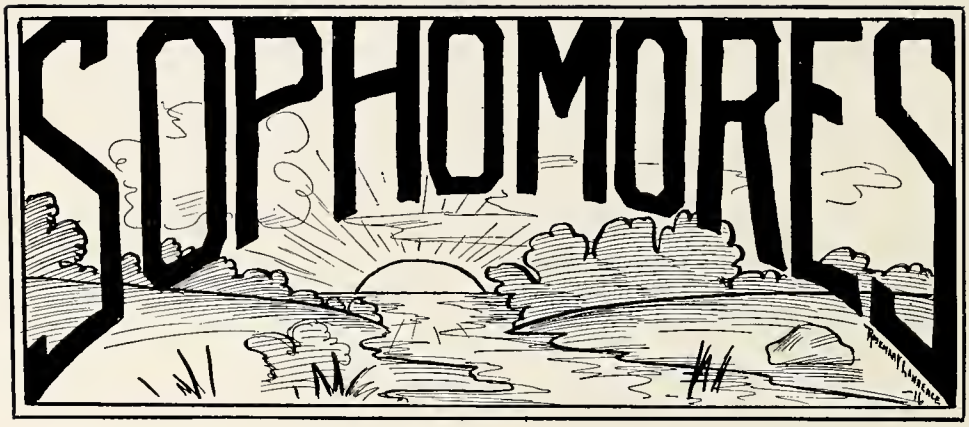
HAVE come to tell you a story, short enough as it lies before you, but long enough it seems to us who have struggled for three long years to make it possible. I have come to tell you the story of the class of 1918; older, shall I say, than the glory of Solomon, wider known than the exploits of Caesar and more famous than the career of Napoleon? To you this comparison seems absurd, but to us these past events are incomparable with our history. It will indeed be remembered longer and will occupy a more prominent place in our minds than the glory of Solomon, the deeds of Caesar or the fame of Napoleon.

Long will we remember that eventful day in the fall of 1914 when we entered the assembly room, greeted on every side by the loud clapping of the upper classmen. Nor will we ever cease to wonder which beat the louder—the hands of our oppressors or our own hearts against our ribs. Nor can we forget the low hisses of "Freshie!" as we passed those worthy members of higher rank. We shall remember to our dying day that night on which we (the boys) were formally received as members of the Freshman class, an event which was really our first thrill, mental and physical, in our new estate, and which, I regret to say, can never again be experienced by our plebian successors.

There are other events which bring a humorous smile when we recall them; some, a smile of satisfaction; they are the deeds of our class which have gone far in building up a name for our school. We can always point with pride to the role we have played in Athletics. The basketball, football, baseball and track teams have all claimed victims from our ranks. We sincerely hope that the Seniors, as well as the other classes, will never forget how, with odds ten to one, they defeated us only 6 to 0 on the gridiron.

After our class was organized and our officers elected we held a weenie roast at Flint Lake. The menu consisted of weenies, buns, marshmallows—and sand. One night after Christmas we entertained the Seniors in the old gym. All declared that they had a fine time, just as we always have had. We feel sure that we can maintain our reputation as entertainers in our coming events.

To conclude, we have spent three delightful years in the V. H. S. We have encountered many obstacles and we have many more to meet, but we know that in the future, when our school days are long past, we can look back upon these years as the most enjoyed and best spent years of our lives.



Officers

President—Robert Winslow Secretary—Louella Tofte

Treasurer—Mark Loring

Class Roll

Carroll Aylesworth
Paul Bartholomew
George Bennett
Mildred Boyer
Harold Card
Lynnett Casbon
Mildred Chaffee
Louise Chester
Leon Church
Genevieve Conover
Floyd Craig
Mary Arden Crumpacker
Andrew Dalrymple
Kathleen Dee
Gladys Dirheimer
Reva Dolson
Leon Dye
John Fabing
Florence Griffin
Lillian Gruenert
Alice Heard
Bernard Hershman
Ida Heissig
Hattie Howlett
Florence Knapp
Chester Kulp
Ethel Kyes
Esther Lindholm
Mark Loring
Clorene Matthews
Blaine Maudlin
Kathryn McWhinney
Alberta Miner
Ruth Moe
Grace Mooker
Pearl Mudge
Harriet Newland
Ruth Parks
Myron Peck
Harold Pomeroy
Delilah Ridenbaugh
Franklin Rigg
Carrie Mae Sergeant
Lois Seymour
Lolita Shirer
Ruth Shurr
Mirabel Skinner
Gretchen Smith
Gretchen Specht
Oliver Steward
Lillian Thaysen
Earl Themanson
Fred Thurman
Wilma Thurman
Luella Tofte
Agnes Webb
Ruth Webb
Wayne Wellman
Leone Williams
Robert Winslow
Inez Wheeler
Goldie Wright

THE CLASS OF 'NINETEEN

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

Reva Dolson

NINETEEN hundred nineteen! That is the year in which the present Sophomore class of the Valparaiso High School will walk from the familiar halls for the last time into the world to battle with the greater problems of life. As a class we have been moderately successful in our school life; that is, gaining our credits and making ourselves as prominent as possible.

Our Freshman year was devoted mostly to becoming acquainted with the daily routine of the new life. Dignified members of the other classes looked after us as we hastened from one place to another with a very important air, and loudly proclaimed, "It's a Freshie!" We frequently burst into the Latin room, only to discover that it was filled with Juniors, who, eyeing us with shocked and haughty expressions, added much to our discomfiture and confusion.

All but two members of our class took Latin, and Miss Welty almost gave up in despair when she tried to teach us conjugations and declensions. Miss Reynolds vowed it was impossible to teach us the fine points of Scott's "The Lady of the Lake;" Mr. Jessee looked more worried each time he taught Freshmen Algebra; and last, our beloved Botany professor gave us "continued-in-our-next" lectures on studiousness.

But our trials and tribulations as Freshmen were soon over, and after the summer vacation we returned to our intellectual pursuits. There were many changes which had to be commented upon before we could settle down to work with a will. Agnes Webb had added to her already ample height, and the reverse seemed to be true of George Bennett. A few new members joined us from Hebron and other equally prosperous cities, and several girls appeared with their first pair of high-heeled footwear. There were many minor changes apparent among the Sophomores.

Mr. Jessee had a very pleasant surprise in store for us. This was the organization of our class for social purposes. We met in a body and elected officers. We indulged in several parties during the year, which enabled us to become better acquainted with one another. Entertainment consisted mostly of games at these social functions until dancing was introduced. Our Sophomore year has been made very pleasant by the hearty co-operation of everyone.

I am confident that the class of 1919 will make as great a success of the remaining years of their High School career as the past years have been.

FRESHMEN

Officers

President—Helen Schleman Vice-President—Charles Foster
Treasurer—Lowell Dowdell

Class Roll

Leland Adams
Harry Albe
Valeria Alt
Ellen Arvin
Harry Atwell
Martin Austin
Marvin Baird
Bruce Barnes
Lucille Barnes
Myra Bartholomew
Carl Bell
Ruth Bell
Ruth Blachly
Clarence Black
Ruth Bond
William Brown
Grace Brummitt
Hazel Butler
Newell Campbell
Margery Chaffee
Arthur Cloud
Mary Cobb
Ivan Cole
Agnes Culp
Lillian Darst
Warren Dee
Sereno Dirheimer
Louise Dolch
Lowell Dowdell
Merle Dowdell
Ellen Dye
Kathryn Ellis
Carl Erea
William Erickson
Lewis Fenton
Robert Findling
Jeanette Finney
Aida Foster
Charles Foster
Zelda Foster
Kathryn Fox
Erma Freeman
Mildred Gilberg
Helen Hansen
George Hauff
Hazel Hendricks
Genevieve Herrick
Walter Hiltpold
Werner Hiltpold
Gladys Jackson
Mary Louise Jessee
Hazel Johnson
Vera Jones
Charlotte Jordan
Emma Kath
Eva Keene
Mary Margaret Kenney
Herbert Krull
Forrest Lansdowne
Glennah Lawrence
Kenneth Lawrence
Richard Leetz
Helga Lindholm
Alta Lisle
Byron Loomis
Bennie Magee
Herbert Mann
Thomas Marimon
Maurice Marshall
Charles Martin
Claire Maxwell
Kathryn Maxwell
Mildred Templeton
Dorothy Tousely
Abbie Wheeler
Opal Williams
Lillian Wilson
Ethel Winselman
Merrill Witner
Jessie Wright
Fred Wulff
James Yates

THE CLASS OF 'TWENTY

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Aida Foster

SEPTEMBER the fourth, nineteen hundred and sixteen, a group of young people began ascending another ladder on their climb to fame. The group comprised Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, prospective actors and actresses, and people from various humble walks of life, each and all bent on one object—that of being a banner pupil in the class of nineteen hundred and twenty.

Rather timidly did this group cross the threshold leading into the great V. H. S. auditorium. For a short time we felt as if we had gone up in a dirigible balloon. As we became accustomed to the rarified atmosphere we almost felt frisky, so much so that we floated around among our superiors with considerable ease, and even formed a permanent organization—naming our officers and committees and planning some festivities.

When, lo! we heard the rumblings of adverse currents. We endeavored to reach a higher plane, but before we could escape we found ourselves trapped and surrounded by a mighty host wearing green and white skull caps.

All our boys were captured and carried to the detention fort known as "Bicycle Rack," where they suffered the humiliation of a chastisement known years ago as "Mother's Slipper" or "Dad's Paddle."

This drop from an ideal position, however, only developed our boys into real soldiers, and in their next ascension they circled above their persecutors and succeeded in drawing up a code whereby peace terms were adopted forever.

Two years more and we will be the Senior class. Our aim is to build so firmly and live so nobly that when we are really Seniors we will be an honor to ourselves and a credit to the dear old V. H. S.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

The Freshman

With quaking heart and trembling hand, the Freshman joins the High School band. The principal, with visage stern, fills him with terror, and in turn, the torture which the Sophomore inflicts on him doth grieve him sore. By Latin he is terrified, and stunned by Algebra beside. The world appears a fearful scene to every little Freshman green.

The Sophomore

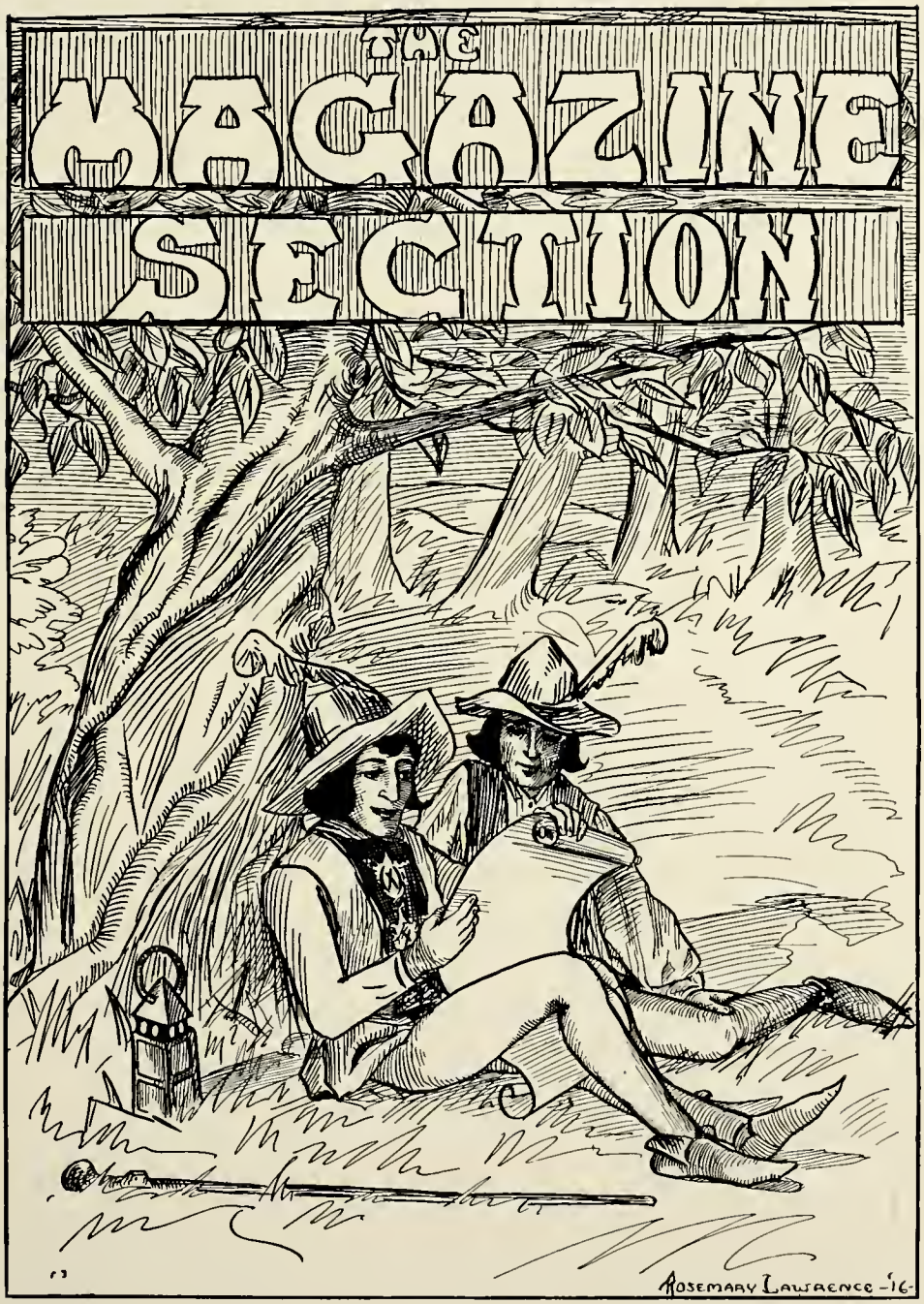
A year goes by; the Freshman now becomes a Sophomore—a haughty frown upon his brow which was not there before. He soon forgets his former fears, and, quite self-satisfied, the present Freshmen now he jeers, their greenness to deride. Not only on the Freshman he looks down with scorn and sneers, but on the Juniors scoffingly, and those of higher years.

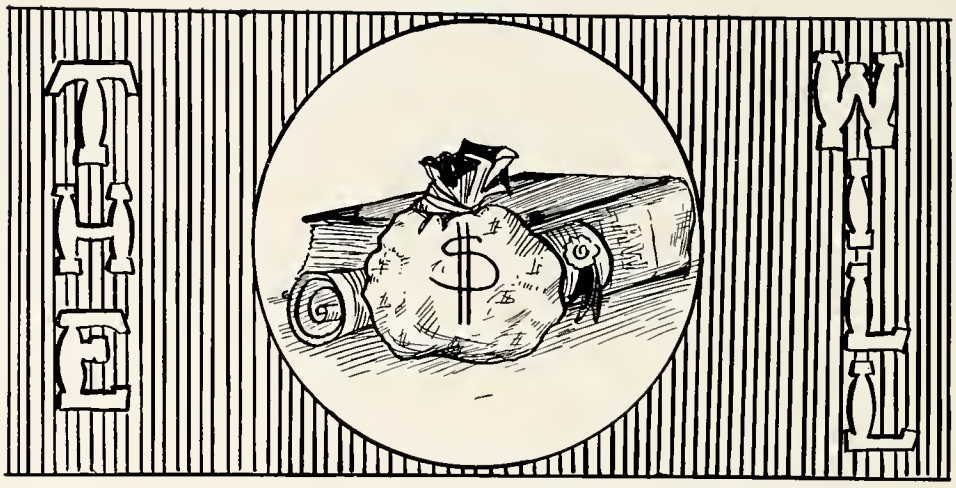
The Junior

At last a Junior, he acquires a poise and self-assurance; of studying he often tires, and has not much endurance. He does not ever stoop to tease the Freshmen, for they bore him; he even tries sometimes to please the teachers there before him. He uncomplaining labors long to help the Senior finish; so may all joy to him belong, his pleasures ne'er diminish.

The Senior

And now a Senior, stately, proud, he walks with grand and haughty gait. Through Cicero he late has plowed, and deeper studies on him wait. He sadly mourns the patent fact that High School has at last become with kindergarten children packed, and now is bothered by their hum. The craved diploma soon is his, and so here endeth in this way, my tale, of which the moral is, that e'en the humblest have their day.


THE
MAGAZINE
SECTION
ROSEMARY LAWRENCE '16



Now we, the Class of '17, bequeath
These prized possessions with our dying breath.

IRENE BALL

My brilliant wit; enthusiasm, too;
My rare good humor—for I'm seldom blue;
All these on Kenneth Lawrence I bestow;
He needs them all right badly, that I know.

MAXWELL EVANS

Since I have plenty of money, money enough
to spare,
I will it to a certain Freshman girl to buy her
some new false hair,
For ah, such a life, such a life as she leads at
the mirror there.

RAY STUBBS

My peroxide complexion and pretty blue eyes
I willingly will to Miss Ethel Kyes.

RAYMOND SEGO

Money, money everywhere, and not a cent is
mine;
Money, money—lots of it, comes to me all the
time.
Some day I'll leave the country, and then I shall
—by Heck!
Will all the blame that's due to me to Master
Myron Peck.

ROSEMARY LAWRENCE

I, Rosy Lawrence, will to young Buck Stencil
My talent with the palette and the pencil.

BERNARD SZOLD

"Susceptible" describes me best,
(To maidens' charms, of course); I'll rest
In blissful peace, provided I
Can leave this trait to Leon Dye.

RUTH BENNETT

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
The will of Ruth Bennett, the girl that's so queer,
To Georgie—the family comes first of all—
Her light occupation—strutting the assembly hall.
To those who take Physics in future years
She wills her lab manual, but with bitter tears;
For Ruthie spent many long hours to find out
What the dickens that science was all about.

LAURA HOLST

To Hazel J. I will my noted smile,
Or, if she wants it not—to Alta Lisle.

EDNA GRIEBEL

Vainly by superstitious modes I try
To find if he by chance will fall my lot;
Through long, long hours I sit with flower in
hand,
Saying, "He loves me," and "He loves me
not."
I know my faults are numerous (?), but this
especial one
I hereby will, with vain regret, to Mildred Tem-
pleton.

EARL SMITH

When I became of age I did receive
A box of choicest gifts, and these I leave
To Eddie Sierks.
And she who sits all day with flower in hand—
Oh, would that I could give her something grand,
But wait awhile.

FREDERIC ARVIN

Believe me, Fred raised the gold from the dust,
And gave not a rip for the other fellow's crust.
But instead of locking it up in safes,
He's given it all to the Belgian waifs.

JOHN SHATZ

The coin I've earnt—the hull of it—by actin' on the stage,
I think I'll give t' Miss Benney now, her worryin' to assuage;
An' she can use it fer t' hire milishy t' protec'
The books that's in th' ref'rence room fr'm robbery, by Heck!

HELEN DEAN, GLADYS RITZ, PAUL LaCOUNT

We, two fair maids, with this young man
And others, went a ridin'.
We happened near the old sink hole,
Our auto went a slidin'.
At three A. M. the following morn
We sat on a maple stump,
Reading the will of the Empire car:
"Let me rest in the city dump."
This thrilling mishap, with permission from Paul,
We will to Cloud, Crumpacker, Loomis, and Ball.

GRACE WAREHAM

I have a picture that is surely rare—
'Tis my infant self when free from care;
I will this work of art (naught else can name it)
To Alice Heard—I trust that she will frame it.

EARL SHERWOOD

I, Sergeant Yay Sherwood, a soldier bold,
Can many a war-time tale unfold.
My khaki suit and soldier's hat
I hereby will to Jesse Pratt.

MARTHA HEARD

My love for art and literature and music's joyful paen
I will to Miss Bartholomew, whose tastes are so plebian.

EARLE MAVITY

Hear ye my will: I hereby do bequeath
My mellow tenor voice of richest tone
To Herman Schroeder, and with it the wreath
That it hath brought to me—nor that alone,
My dignity and strut I do bestow
With generosity on Joseph Crowe.

EMORY STONER

I love not the ladies, I like not a crowd;
These traits I relinquish to giddy Art Cloud.

HELEN KULL

My ability to keep silence in the reference room
And to teach a Civics class,
And to act as assistant principal,
(For I never let that chance pass),
Is something that I cherish, and I hate to will it away,
So I'll lend it to Thomas Johnson—I may want it back some day.

CYNTHIA WILLING

To Pinkey Parks I will my shy, retiring demeanor;
The worth of this bequest is clear to all who e'er have seen her.

MAX SPECHT

My weighty Physics recitations—
Worth quite as much as gold—
To soothe his great anticipations,
I will to Muggzy Szold.

HELEN WARK

A second-handed gavel I possess,
Worth quite two bits, and not a penny less;
This relic do I will, with loud lament,
To him, the next year's Senior president.

MARGERY ELLIS

With five strides at a time from the Freshman class
To the Senior class I rose,
With nary a B nor C nor F
To put under my father's nose.
To Russell Wood, who we know must need them,
I will my A's—I hope 'twill please him.

ALICE BLACHLY

My gentle manner and quiet way
I will to that noisy Mildred Shaffaye.

LOUISE SMITH

I think that every mother's son and every father's daughter
Should drink, at least till twenty-one, just nothing but cold water.
So all the cups of coffee, like the ones at the English spread,
I will to Opal Williams; it helps you keep late hours, 'tis said.

FORREST JONES

Ah—er!—just a minute—O yes, now I see—
I will my hot-air plant to Kathyleen Dee.

HELEN McNIECE

To Esther Clapper my fuzzy hair
And my winning smile to Jessie Skare.

GERTRUDE HILTPOLD

This extra weight, it doth so haunt me—
Because of it will no man want me.
So I bequeath it to Jennie Bell;
She needs it more than words can tell.

HERBERT SCHLEMAN

My patient henry, built of tin and screws,
I will to next year's class, which they may use
In helping bake-sales, as I too have done,
And I assure them it's a lot of fun.

—Helen Wark

THE class of 1917 shows so many possibilities that it was necessary to resort to unusual measures to secure a knowledge of its future. I went to aviation headquarters in Chicago and made plans for a long journey. After several months of preparation and instruction in learning to control the machine, the air ship was stocked with provisions and I started with my aerial guide book. I sailed over land and sea, carefully avoiding the war zone. Finally I reached the green-bordered Nile, and I knew I was near my destination. Far in the distance I spied her. Quickening my speed, I soon swooped down before her, jarring the earth as I fell. Trembling I stood before her—would she respond to my entreaties? Reverently I knelt and implored her. The silence of the ages remained unbroken. For hours I lingered, prostrating myself before her in the sand, until my patience became exhausted. Timidly I crept up and pinched her ear, but still there was no response. In desperation I stepped up in front of her and gave her one strong punch in the nose. Amazed at my own boldness, I stood back. Slowly one granite eye-lid flickered and lifted, the stiff jaws moved as the Sphinx shifted her wad of gum from one cheek to the other. Her eyes flashed as she demanded: "How dare a mortal do such a thing?" I answered: "The Class of 1917 of the Valparaiso High School wants to know the future of its members." The anger vanished from her face and a pleasant smile wreathed her features, as she said: "I have waited for them all these years. Already the poet, artist and singer are evident, and all the rest have very promising futures.

"Frederic Noteworthy Arvin will be one of the foremost American poets and will be considered 'great' by English critics. He will have the Chair of Poetry at Cambridge, and will often visit in the studio of his former friend and classmate, Rosemary Lawrence, a noted portrait painter in New York. I see Martha Heard at the head of the pure food commission in the United States.

"Louise Smith will superintend the Domestic Science department in the public schools of Chicago, while her friend, Margery Ellis, will be in the

Bible Study department in Chicago University. Cynthia Willing, a close friend of both, will be running the millinery department at Marshall Field's."

At this point the Sphinx reached in her vanity case, removed her powder puff, powdered her nose, and asked me if it was on even.

She continued: "Laura Holst will run the 'Madam Qui Vive Beauty Parlors' in Chicago. Alice Blachly and her husband will be owners of a model farm in Indiana, to which many tourists will journey to get ideas on scientific farming."

Although Frederic said that Helen McNiece would be in Valparaiso, the Sphinx said: "She will be a foreign missionary to the Island of Borneo.

"Helen Kull will be a literary critic in London. Earl Sherwood will hold the office of rear admiral in the United States navy.

"Earle Mavity will graduate from the Boston Technical School and later study abroad. He will devise some way to 'remove the ice from Greenland.' I see Raymond Sego as a foreign ambassador to Spain.

"Helen Wark is destined to be the first woman president of the United States, and Gladys Ritz will act as her private secretary. Gertrude Hiltpold will be a senatress to the national congress in 1925. At the same time Herbert Schleman will be a representative from the tenth district. Helen Dean will become the Schumann-Heinck of America. Max Henry Specht will be known as the proprietor of the largest and most popular hotel at Palm Beach. Earl Smith will become the greatest American architect and will assist in remodeling the White House in 1930.

"Bernard Szold will own one of the largest department stores in San Francisco. Emory Stoner will be fire insurance expert, greatly reducing the number of fires. Maxwell Evans will become convinced of the efficiency of the Adamson law and will be an international strike breaker. I foresee Paul LaCount as coach to the football team of Chicago University.

"John Shatz will be an expert chemist for the Rockefeller Oil Company, with a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year. Archibald Raymond Stubbs will be at the head of the bureau which deals with the race question.

"Irene Ball will be a rival of Madam Pavlowa and will have an audience with the king and queen of England. At the height of her success she will marry a wealthy society man of New York and live in the highest circles with her friend, Edna Griebel, now Mrs. Earl Smith.

"Forrest Jones will be a diamond expert, and Grace Wareham will be a skilled trained nurse."

By this time the Sphinx was getting very restless; the animation had died from her face and she seemed to wish to return to her long sleep. I sat very quietly listening, for I wished to know what fate had in store for me. Pretty soon she shook her stony curls and blinked her eyes as if she were in deep thought. Finally I could wait no longer, but asked her what was to happen to me. She frowned and answered: "You will sell 'Blue Jay Corn Plasters' in the desert of Sahara."

Dumbfounded at this prediction of my fate, I could say no more. I picked up my pencil and note book, climbed into the aeroplane, started the engine and silently flew homeward.

—Ruth Bennett

CIVICS CLASS ACTIVITIES

Gertrude Hiltpold

THE Civics class of this year has followed the laboratory method in the study of government. Experience, observation and investigation have been our daily tasks, instead of the mechanical learning of hard and dry facts out of a text book. The elementary facts, to be sure, were obtained from the text, and with it as an outline and guide we have gained a fundamental knowledge of the organization and activities of our national, state and local governments. But the core of the lesson lay in the field work. For instance, in our study of municipal government all phases were brought up in special reports after careful investigation. Our first trip as a class was to the city hall to attend a regular session of the city council. After being initiated into the work of the city fathers we enjoyed a brief talk by Mayor Sisson.

This work was followed by a study of the county government. Here again all county institutions were studied through special reports. This mode of procedure was repeated with the state institutions. Much interest was added to these recitations by the narration of personal experiences of members of the class. The second trip the whole class took was to the county farm, where we were shown through the buildings by Supt. Funk, who gave us a talk on the causes of poverty and crime.

The presidential campaign furnished another opportunity for first hand investigation. About the first of October, when the campaign started in earnest, we took up the study of suffrage and elections, followed by political parties and nominating methods. At this time the class attended political speeches in a body, and in this way gained valuable information concerning the workings of both the Democratic and Republican parties. Registration blanks were procured for each member of the class and filled out, those who failed to register being denied the privilege of voting later on.

The class then organized itself into the two leading parties, held meetings, nominated candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency, and instructed the members how to cast a ballot. Our campaign came to a climax Monday evening, November 6, when the class assembled in the auditorium of the High School and four political speeches were given by the four candidates. The speakers were Ray Stubbs, representing Woodrow Wilson; Earle Mavity, Charles Evans Hughes; Frederic Arvin, Charles Warren Fairbanks, and Gertrude Hiltpold, Thomas Marshall. On Tuesday, the seventh, the voting took place. Thus ended our first political campaign.

What has been the result of this strenuous pursuit of government methods? The answer is simple. We have been introduced to the actual workings of the government from the election of a school board to the nominating, election and inauguration of a president, and in fact to all the intricacies of a government as complex as ours. But more than this, the study has stimulated the spirit of research and encouraged independent thinking among the students. It has made us wide awake to the current issues, vital questions and universal appeals of the present day. All of which better prepares us for the duties of citizenship on the threshold of which we now stand.

ORATORICAL

(The participants in the annual oratorical contest this year and their subjects were as follows: Max Specht, "Public Ownership of the Railroads;" Earl Smith, "The Future of the Orient;" Earle Mavity, "Modern Journalism;" Herbert Schleman, "The Rural Credits Bill;" Ray Stubbs, "The Negro Problem;" Emory Stoner, "Fire Loss in the United States;" Frederic Arvin, "The Future of Poetry;" Margery Ellis, "The Bible as Literature;" Helen Kull, "Literature and Life;" Irene Ball, "The New Woman;" Ruth Bennett, "Slang." The successful orations were those on "The Future of Poetry" and "Slang.")

THE FUTURE OF POETRY

Frederic Arvin

I speak tonight on a subject which cannot, surely, be new to any of my hearers. It is a subject which has deeply and most vitally concerned the whole human race ever since the dim ages when Homer sang of the walls of Ilion, and when David, beneath the Chaldean stars, cheered the fainting heart of Saul. I speak in behalf of poetry. For we today are inclined to regard poetry, if not with disdain, at least with indifference. We argue that romance and poetry are old-fashioned, not to say primitive, and that they have lost, in this hurrying age of commerce and industrialism, all their previous worth and necessity.

Have we, then, at last arrived at such a stage of evolution as no longer to need the marvelous benefits of poetry? Shall we forget Shakespeare and Milton and Keats? Shall we neglect those poets who are and are to come, and deny them the reward of fame? God forbid! Rather must we see the truth that today, more than ever before in the history of the world, the poet must feed the sacred fire of national existence.

Why is poetry more needed today than ever before? To the deep thinker this question is easily answered. The fundamental reason lies really in our kind of life. We have become a city-dwelling people, and a great majority of us have little association with rural existence. Clearly, then, we are cut off from all communion with nature, with the grass and the trees and the skies. We do not see the sun rise in the morning far past the hills in the east; instead we see first its rays as they steal over the roof of a neighboring apartment building. We do not go to our work across green fields and meadows; instead we are rushed hurriedly to our destination in crowded cars. We do not breathe the gentle south wind, stirring fragrant with ripening grain; instead it is wafted to us hot with stifling smoke. We do not come home at night, wholesomely hungry and tired; instead we drag wearily back, exhausted by the tedious indoor work of the day. And finally, we do not sleep soundly in the gently-breathing country night; instead we catch a few minutes of hurried rest, rendered almost futile by the clanging and tumult of the city without.

This being true, it is the poet who must provide for us what we demand of intercourse with nature. To express for us the feelings which we are unable to voice in words is one of his noblest duties. The conclusion is evident. Poetry will come to play a large part in American life, unless conditions are radically changed. It is right that it should be so. "For the poet is unlike ordinary humanity; though his ways be not their ways, nor his thoughts their thoughts, yet his feelings are their feelings, and his only difference from the rest of us is this, that those ecstacies of pure passion which in the most of us fade into the withered memory of a great hour, in him blossom into eternal song."

A second reason for this new need for poetry: We are passing through a period of national self-consciousness. We are beginning dimly to see some of our former blind errors of self-satisfaction and to realize, though with a certain inevitable reluctance, that we are not so nearly perfect as we had deemed ourselves. We must look out, lest in this gradual awakening we do not lose all semblance of a national spirit—for that would be the ruin of America. Who, then, is to keep alive in us that indefinable, yet no less potent, country love which exists in us all? The poet! His is the sacred, yea, the well-nigh awful duty to preserve this country and carry it safely through the dangers which imperil it. To him must our allegiance belong.

We pride ourselves, and not without reason, on the fact that we have attained to an enviable state of civilization. And yet there goes with that very advancement an almost total loss of the primitive ability for poetic expression. Along with the progress of civilization goes the waning of poetry. Modern people are good builders and good achievers; good teachers and good students; yes, even good novelists, but surely, for the most part, poor poets. Savages are children, and therefore have imaginations. Civilized people are adults, and therefore have orderly minds, and little or no imaginations. Now the poet is, to a certain degree, a barbarian, a child. He abandons himself to rapturous flights of unreason, and sings them into his songs. Certainly we all envy his "fine frenzy" and are glad that we can find in his poems a substitute for what poetical powers we lack.

The poet is the spokesman of his race. Do the Romans live in history today because of their far-reaching conquests or their mighty and glorious empire? No. They live in the majestic accents of Virgil and Catullus. It is the same of all nations, whatever they be. For the poet, though he be not of the common mass, yet his words flow as from the mighty throat of his nation, and in his lines is reflected, clearly, indelibly and eternally, the day to which he belongs.

We have seen, then, that our modernity and our commercialism are no reasons for the decline of poetry, but are rather reasons for its increased necessity. Whether we dwell in cities or in towns, the poet's message vitally concerns us all. His is the touch which illumines the nation's night, however dark it be. The deepest well of poetic grandeur has yet to be struck. Brighter day is yet to dawn; the sun is but a morning star. Let us not, therefore, say that the poet belongs to past ages, but let us instead give him all the recognition that is justly due him. Let us bear always in mind that we shall live, not in our material wealth and might, but in the glorious verse of our poets.

SLANG

Ruth M. Bennett

Slang has been defined as the technical language of the street. The word "slang" comes from a Norwegian word "sleng," which means "a slinging," or literally, "a slinging of the jaw."

Slang has existed ever since the beginning of language. It is often found in good Latin authors, as in the comedies of Terence and Plautus. For instance, "Mihi paratae lites," a lawsuit has been prepared for me, might be translated by the current English expression, "I'm in a pickle." It is undoubtedly true that the ancients used as much slang as is used today, but we do not know as much about it since only the best of classic literature has been preserved.

As modern times approach, more slang is found in the literature. Even Shakespeare occasionally used a slang expression, as, "Till my good angel fire my bad one out." Thackeray remarks, "They narrate to him the advent and departure of the lady in the swell carriage, the mother of the young swell with flowers in his button-hole." Tennyson wrote, "Cast the poison from your bosom, oust the madness from your brain."

Swift, in trying to better the language, introduced words which we call slang, as "phiz" for physiognomy, "pos" for positive, "rep" for reputation, and "incog" for incognito.

The newspapers of today contain considerable slang. Probably this was begun by Charles Dickens. Lowell has said in his Biglow Papers, "There is death in the dictionary, and where a language is too strictly limited by convention, the ground for expression is also limited, and we get potted literature—Chinese dwarfs instead of healthy trees."

It is hard to tell the meaning of a slang word or phrase unless the conditions under which the word or phrase is used are understood. If the essay or oration is not what the audience thinks it should be, it may say, "It is punk." If the speaker lacks enthusiasm, the audience may say, "He lacks pep." When a person dies we say, "He kicks the bucket," or "passes in his checks." When one is told a certain thing is to occur, he is "put wise to it." When a young man goes down the street and meets another young man with a good looking young lady, the young lady is a "peach of a chicken," and the young man a "lucky guy." When we meet someone whom we know and who will not speak we say he is "stuck up" or "gives us the chilly mitt."

One of the most puzzling problems of our era is the effect on our native speech by contact with base ball, the national game. Why is it when it attempts to tell what happened at the Cubs' park the English language "stands on its head and tries to convey its meaning by waving its hands and feet, instead of speaking like one sane man to another?"

Base ball managers would just as soon a game be written in good English but the public demands it in slang. The Chicago Record-Herald took a step

toward correcting this slang evil by writing the stories of the games in a "less boisterous" language than customary, and in a column next to it in slang, or "baseballese." When asked opinions there was a great difference. Some said, "When you quit slang I quit the paper." It sounds nearer the field to say, "when Schulte slams the pill" than when he merely "hits the ball." One man said, "Can the high-brow stuff. It isn't base ball. It sounds like croquet or authors." A professor in Chicago University wrote, "It would be pretty tame to report a base ball game in plain, ordinary English."

The language of thieves is almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader. They are always after the "dough," their "jimmy" is better than a skeleton key, their "soup" will blow open steel safes.

One author says, "The way in which certain restaurant waiters name dishes is worthy of any poet's emulation. For instance, when a customer orders a dozen raw oysters, the waiter immediately says, 'twelve alive in the shell.' If rump steak is ordered the waiter calls, 'Slab of moo—let him chew it.' "

The movie enthusiast learns many new words. He watches a "dive," which is a thieves' kitchen. It may be that the plot reveals an attempt to deceive some simple-minded person. If it does, the innocent one is spoken of as a "sucker," a "boob," or a "lobster" if he is stupid into the bargain. The meeting of the cultivated people with the less cultivated is described as "the high-brows give the low-brows the icy hand."

Thus in all professions and walks of life we find slang. It has taken the place in the language that French had about fifty years ago in the higher classes of society.

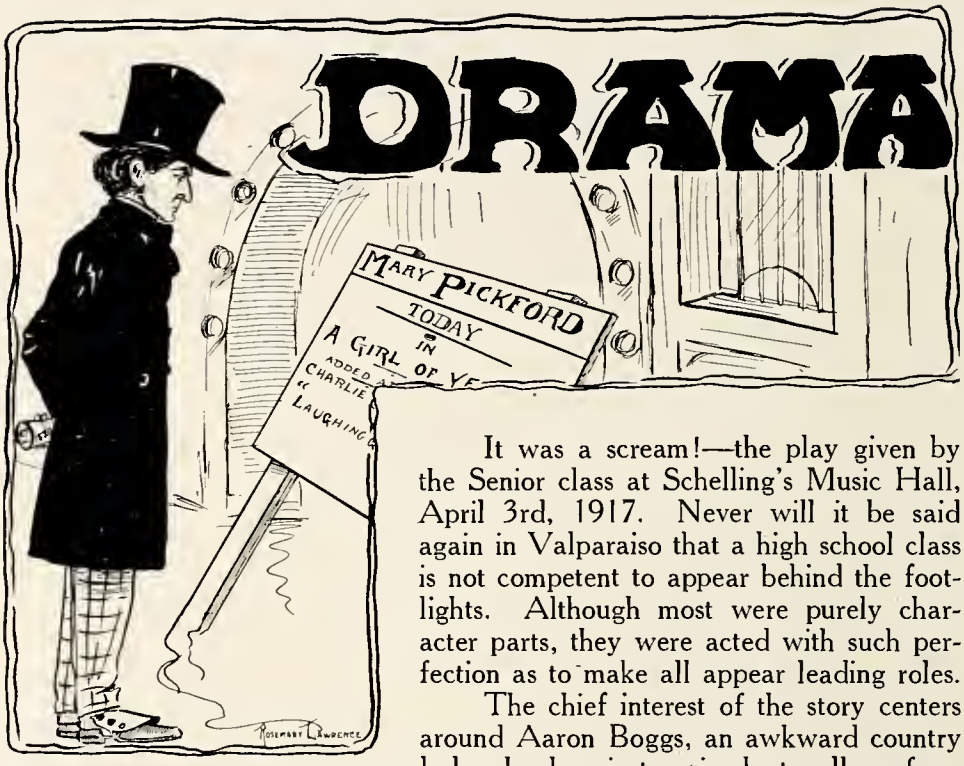
As new inventions and discoveries are made, new words are added to the language, some of which are slang. For example, from the introduction of the automobile we get the slang words, "auto," "tub," "tin Lizzie," "tin Henry," "suffragette car" and "road louse," which are used considerably more than "automobile."

There are many good words which were once slang, as "blizzard" and "sky scraper." "Bulls," "bears" and "lambs" were once very suggestive terms, and no words have been found to take their places on the Board of Trade.

Some words once strictly literary are now slang, as "awful," "fierce," "keen" and "swell," in such expressions as, "awful nice," "a fierce hat," "to be keen on something" and "a swell dress."

Max Eastman says "pussy-foot," "up against it," "she's a gloom," "he's a butter-finger," "flannel-mouth," "have a heart," "start something," and "put your foot in it," are all keenly poetic. He believes that more than half of all slang may not be practical, but it is vigorously poetic in its intent, supplying a new creative word for a thing, a quality or a mood.

All will agree that slang is very expressive in a great many situations, although it is an "inelegant use of words," yet it is necessary to use some slang. The words found lacking will be dropped; those full of vigor and with a deeper meaning will become good words and enrich our language.



It was a scream!—the play given by the Senior class at Schelling's Music Hall, April 3rd, 1917. Never will it be said again in Valparaiso that a high school class is not competent to appear behind the footlights. Although most were purely character parts, they were acted with such perfection as to make all appear leading roles.

The chief interest of the story centers around Aaron Boggs, an awkward country lad, who has just arrived at college from Splinterville. Aaron is received by the most prominent students—Beau Carter, Pepper Jervis, Happy Jimmie Jamieson and others. The boys, realizing immediately Aaron's ignorance of college tricks, decide to initiate him into full fellowship. Aaron recognizes Elizabethe Maudelia, "an humble yet proud waitress," as being his former "steady to home in Splinterville." Lizzie stands by Aaron through all his social trials at college and saves him from the plots of the "bunch." Although she becomes very jealous of him, she wins him in the end. Equally thrilling is the wooing of Cherry Carruthers (a beautiful little maiden, at first despondent over her separation from her lover Harold) by Happy Jimmie Jamieson, the most popular Junior in college.

The cast could not have been better suited for the story. Think of John Shatz—think of Aaron Boggs. Then laugh. Irene Ball displayed the skill of a professional in the difficult role of Elizabethe Maudelia. All hats off to Irene. Then there was Max Evans, as Happy Jimmie Jamieson, who in his love-making scenes showed singular ability and received prolonged applause. It was clearly shown that Raymond Sego is a typical Senior, not only in school, but on the stage as well. Credit must be given to Earle Mavity for his representation of Pepper Jervis, one of those nice college boys who study some of everything and little of anything. Only Frederic Arvin could have acted the part of Cad, a quiet and studious Junior.

THE CAST OF "AARON BOGGS, FRESHMAN"

Casey Jones (Max Specht), a college politician, by his schemes and wit showed his cleverness in putting one over on the aristocrats. Bernard Szold as "Abey" brought the house down by his conversations with the students, his motto being, "Always do your friends goot." Leave it to Bernie. The cast would not have been complete without Forrest Jones, the sporty young student who laughs when the joke is on the other fellow. Particularly adapted to her role was Marguerite Hunziker as Cherry Carruthers, the home-sick Freshman. Her delightfully natural acting marked her as one of the best in the cast.

Emory Stoner, Helen Wark and Gladys Ritz as Mr. Chubb, Mrs. Chubb and Dollie, the daughter, graphically represented a typical family of moderate circumstances. Emory, a would-be sick man and a lover of drinks by no means soft, could always find an excuse to go down town when needed at the boarding house. Three cheers for Emory! The disposition of a kind and motherly boarding house keeper was portrayed by Helen Wark (the Angel) with the greatest sincerity. She offered a striking contrast to her neighbor, gossippy Mrs. Pickens (Ruth Bennett), who kept the audience laughing continually with her sharp tongue and her eye for business. Gladys Ritz as Dollie, a favorite in vaudeville, made all the boys take notice by her charming appearance and winning ways. Nor can we forget Earl Smith as Epenetus P. Boggs, better known as "Paw." Though this was a very peculiar part, Earl proved himself more than equal to the occasion. Last, but by no means least, come Helen Dean (Evelyn Newcomb), Louise Smith (Loretta Rea) and Helen McNiece (Lois Hunter), attractive yet modest college belles, who become the main attraction at "the Angel's" for the boys.

Now the reader wonders how all this was accomplished—through the untiring efforts, be it known, of Mrs. C. W. Boucher, to whom the Senior class of 1917 again offers its sincerest gratitude.

—Ray Stubbs

AUTUMN

John Shatz

Now Autumn comes, and lazy days
Fill all the week; the sun's soft rays
Gleam through the slowly dying dress
Of trees that droop in hopelessness.

The breezes toss the leaves on high—
The red, the yellow—and the sky
Is covered with a dreamy haze
Which slowly deepens as we gaze.

Now Autumn comes—and Winter soon
Will bury deep all trace of June.
Oh, Autumn, more we'd love thy way
If thou wouldst never go, but stay.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Margery Ellis

THE Senior Class of 1917 enjoys a privilege that no previous class has had—that of recording the celebration of Indiana's Centennial of Statehood. Throughout the state loyal Hoosiers have united to honor Indiana by reviewing her glorious past in song, story and pageantry. Porter County's celebration was a decided success and a source of satisfaction to those who spent so much time and labor in order that it might be the best possible.

On Thursday, September 26, occurred the Historical Parade, in which the High School took a prominent part. Some of our most staid scholars, plentifully bedaubed with red paint and fantastically dressed in Indian costumes, represented the Indians before the coming of the white man. Another group similarly disfigured were so completely fagged out after tramping over the city that they played well the pathetic story they portrayed—the Indians driven from their homes by the white man. Look a second time at the figure in the foreground of the picture above, and you will recognize Helen Kull, the disciple of Whitman, garbed as a native princess.

The Manual Training and Domestic Art departments were represented by beautiful floats, on which High School students worked diligently, trying to make the admiring populace believe that such was their custom. Another float represented a school of pioneer days. Arthur Gruenert in a Prince Albert coat and becoming wig, instructed a group of old-fashioned pupils in the principles of "Readin', 'Ritin' and 'Rithmetic." Ruth Bennett was a very demure pioneer maiden in her tight-fitting costume of early days. Other pupils of the High School took part in the displays of the Phoenix Club, Chiqua Camp Fire, and many other organizations.

For weeks preceding the pageant the High School practiced its part in the first episode, which was to represent the life of the Indians in Indiana. After the first rehearsal the directors had no fear that we would not be sufficiently savage. We out-Indianed the Indians, and quite a little toning down was necessary before our lusty whoops and heathenish dancing were sufficiently civilized to be savage. Many a September afternoon saw a troop of eager young actors wending its way toward the fair grounds where the rehearsals took place. Many a boy who thought himself beyond his "playing Indian" days jumped at the chance to make-believe again.

The great day dawned clear and cold. Early in the afternoon the High School students assembled at the fair grounds. The large circle inside the race track presented a very primitive appearance; a forest had grown up over night, and a village of white tepees lay at its outskirts. The ruddy paint, bright beads and brown costumes effected a great transformation, and soon copper-hued savages began to scurry about among the dressing tents, yelling "Hey! where's that paint?" and "Is mine on straight?" The largest crowd ever assembled at the fair grounds was in evidence, waiting expectantly for the performance to begin.

Finally from the distant north a long train of Indians approaches in single file; first Chief Rain-in-the-Face (Earl Smith) and some of his stalwart braves stalk proudly into the foreground, followed by the weary squaws, dragging tepees and bearing burdens; children run along beside their mothers, shouting to each other, eager to view the new land. Another troop of braves brings up the rear, ready to protect the squaws from lurking foes. The warriors indicate the place they have selected for the village, then scout around the new surroundings while the squaws set up the tepees, gather fagots and build a great fire. Presently the braves seat themselves in a circle about the fire and hold a council; a dance is started; a Pottawatomie maiden beats the tom-tom and the braves dance wildly about, tomahawks in hand, whooping in best Indian fashion, when suddenly a runner who has been keeping watch for possible enemies dashes into camp crying out that the Iroquois are coming. The Pottawatomies barely have time to rally for battle before a shower of arrows announces the approach of the enemy. A fierce battle ensues, during which the squaws and children flee. One Pottawatomie falls dead, his heart pierced by an arrow; several of the Iroquois are wounded and the remainder are overcome. The victorious Pottawatomies return to the camp, bearing their dead and driving their prisoners before them. Some are carrying scalps dripping with blood. The squaws, who have cautiously made their way back from their hiding places, mourn over their dead warrior, and the prisoners are forced to run the gauntlet. One is bound to a tree and fagots piled about him, but the pleading of the chief's daughter (Irene Ball), who throws herself at her father's feet and asks mercy for him, saves his life. A loud wailing is heard among the women. The funeral of the dead man is taking place; a shallow hole is dug and he is placed in it in a sitting posture. (He came to life later; no one could be found heroic enough to remain dead.)

In the later episodes the domestic life of the Indians is portrayed. The squaws weave baskets and bead moccasins, the braves smoke, hunt and wrestle. The medicine man (Earle Mavity) endeavors to drive the evil

spirits from a sick child. The friendly relations of the Indians with the French are portrayed. Finally they are driven from their homes by the English, and march wearily off in a dejected procession, leaving their pleasant home in Indiana for the West. It is said that the audience was moved to tears by this sorrowful sight.

The actors were only too pleased to get off the stage at this period, and appeared no more in the pageant until the Indians led the grand recessional.

The High School feels very proud of its part in the celebration, and thoroughly enjoyed the parade, historical exhibit, pageant and all the other exercises that made Centennial week worth remembering.

1917 MODELS

Earl V. Smith

Helen Wark—Big, noisy and old-styled.

Ray Stubbs—Slow in getting started, but when it does—Wow!

Raymond Sego—Very little vibration.

Maxwell Evans—In the same class as a Ford—a class of its own.

Earl Smith—Luxuriously furnished, with all the latest improvements.

Rosemary Lawrence—Very light and maintained at a small cost.

Emory Stoner—A car of which very little is known.

Earle Mavity—Makes lots of noise but gets no place.

Ruth Bennett—A car with poor glimmers; can't be taken out nights.

Martha Heard—Can't be Heard!

Helen Dean—Ought to be put out of misery.

Gladys Ritz—Will run by itself; needs no guiding.

Irene Ball—Fine looking car, with graceful, artistic lines; capable of great performances.

Herbert Schleman—Built for service, not for looks.

Paul LaCount—Most for the money.

Helen Kull—All it needs is a man chauffeur to make it go.

Frederic Arvin—Speedy.

Louise Smith—Stiff at first, but soon loosens up.

Edna Griebel—Has quick getaway (gets away from all the Senior meetings).

Earl Sherwood—Has a glass windshield and a no-hair top.

Laura Holst—Always in running condition.

Alice Blachly—Starts at a push of the button.

Gertrude Hiltpold—Hung low to the ground; can't tip over.

John Shatz—A car with a beautiful color.

Cynthia Willing—A car for those who want individuality.

Forrest Jones—Takes the bumps easy.

Margery Ellis—Easy-going.

Grace Wareham—Graceful lines.

Bernard Szold—All it needs is oiling the head gears.

Helen McNiece—By common consent the best-looking of all cars.

Max Specht—A splendid service truck.

NO DOUBT many of you remember Mr. George Merrill, who until the past year resided about a quarter of a mile east of Flint Lake. Mr. Merrill delighted in telling this story as he remembered the incidents.

About eighty years ago or at the time when the Merrill family moved to this vicinity, the Calumet region was inhabited by a few scattered settlers and the Pottawatomie Indians. It is a common supposition that the Ottowa Indians likewise made this their home, but authority confirms us that they came only on occasional visits to this region, their welcome being made evident on the part of the Pottawatomie Indians by the fact that Mrs. Joseph Bailey, who with her family were the first white settlers in Porter county, was a descendant of the Ottawa Indians. Her mother was an Indian and her father a French fur trader, but nevertheless she was a very cultured and refined woman, and because of her fair skin the Indians termed her the Lily of the Lakes.

Shortly after the coming of the Merrills into this county there was a family by the name of Van Loon living in the woods near Wahub Lake, and it is supposed that the heroine of our legend was a Van Loon daughter stolen by the Pottawatomies, who delighted in stealing white children.

When the Merrill family moved to this vicinity, Mr. Merrill was about four or five years of age; nevertheless he recollected a very beautiful white girl in the Indian tribe. No doubt his remembrance was sharpened by the fact that the settlers took special interest in the girl. They did not attempt to rescue her, for they knew that would bring trouble, but they taught her the ways of the white man and to read and write after their own fashion. At this time the girl was about fourteen years of age, and, as was the usual custom of the Indians whenever anything extraordinary came into the life of any member of the tribe to give that individual a name, they named the

girl White Flint, because of her fair face and the unbleached, homespun material which the settlers gave her for garments.

A little romance was woven into the tale when Chiqua, the chief, proposed a marriage between White Flint and his son; but White Flint, not consenting to this proposal, remained silent, and in consequence was held in seclusion by the Indians.

As the story goes, a young settler from Ohio crossed the border, and, coming into this vicinity, fell in love with White Flint. His surname has been forgotten, but his Christian name was Joseph. One day, near its close, White Flint, mounting her pony, left the camp two miles east of the lakes, and taking the road that cuts what is now the main lake road, where the interurban tracks leave the main road, she followed the trail along where the water works now stand, and turned down past what is now Sheridan Beach and Edgewater. When she neared Sheridan Beach she came upon some settlers, and inquiring as to the whereabouts of the young man from Ohio, was informed that he had gone up the lakes, hunting. She rode until she came to the foot of Long Lake, about where Ulrick's hotel now stands. Here, overtaken by a storm, she dismounted from her pony, tied him to a tree and sought shelter in the underbrush.

Some time later, weary from his day's hunt, the settler, wending his way homeward, came to the foot of Long Lake, and seeing something white moving in the underbrush, in the growing dusk and impending storm, he mistook it for a wild swan, and shot.

Creeping closer, as a hunter does, he recognized White Flint, and, filled with joy, he rushed to her—to find her dead. At first he was so frightened he contemplated running away, for he feared punishment at the hands of the Indians, but reconsidering, he wended his way back to the settlers and told them of the accident. He was later given a backwoods trial and cleared. Later, by means of a few gifts, he made his peace with the Indians. We do not hear anything further of Joseph, for he crossed the border into Illinois and then found his way back to Ohio, but the Indians, in memory of White Flint, named the lake White Flint Lake. Whenever they went fishing they always fished in White Flint Lake.

The Indians, as is well known, were soon driven from home, and as the term came into more common use it was shortened until we have simply Flint Lake.

—Helen Kull

THE INFANTRY

"Everybody loves a baby"

First row (left to right)

OES Farmer hear a blow-out?
Cynthia always was serious.
Margery says this picture was made possible only by a bribe of confectionery.
Paul has gained just 198 pounds and 9 ounces since then.
Max, flirting with the planet Venus.

Second row

Grace: "One little pig went to market," etc.
Climax giving the photographer a piece of his mind.
Molly at a tender age.
Yay, despondently reflecting on the unpreparedness of America.

Third row

Louise appears to have been raised on Mellin's Food.
Edna is probably anticipating a visit from little Earl.
Alice, as calm as ever.
Helen (McN.) posing as Mamma's Angel Child.

Fourth row

Emory, contemplating the vicissitudes of life.
Herb, photographed on a "nice, moonlight night."
Murph—er—Martha can still appreciate a joke.
Fred's most embarassing moment.

Fifth row

"The meeting will please come to order."
Dean's vocal ability was acquired at this age.
Was this when Bernie came clean from Russia?
Ruth in a prophetic mood.
Gladys! quit flirting with the photographer.

THE MISSING CHILD

Bernard Szold

NEAR the little border town of Baelegen there once lived a rich Flemish peasant. His wife, with the aid of her aged mother-in-law managed the household and also took care of the baby boy, the joy and pride of the family; while the husband with the help of some less fortunate peasants tilled his land.

The incident I am about to relate happened just after the beginning of the great European War. The Germans had already begun, through the peaceful little country of Belgium, their advance upon France which soon brought to this densely populated region devastation, suffering, disease, and all the other evils of so great and so long continued a conflict between so many great nations.

One day the farmer had returned from the town and the family had gathered together for their evening meal.

"Well, husband, what news do you bring us from the village?" asked his wife. "You look downcast as if you had heard bad news."

"Indeed you are right," replied the husband. "I have just learned from the French troops in Baelegen that the Germans are advancing in their direction. Unless they are driven back we shall have to flee to France."

"Baby and I go to market tomorrow," said the wife. "I hope that I can return with better news."

Early the next morning the little peasant woman started for town, deciding however not to take the baby, for he was still slumbering and she did not wish to waken him. Shortly after her departure a small body of French soldiers in great excitement approached the farm-house and told the peasants that the German army was rapidly drawing near. The captain of the troop added, "We must not leave any shelter or supplies in their path. Gather together all your most needed possessions and proceed with what speed you can to France. We must burn all the buildings and the provisions which you cannot take with you."

The peasants, knowing that they could not do otherwise, obeyed his orders. The farmer gathered together as much of his produce as he could, while his mother collected the most valuable and necessary household articles, tying them up in big bundles which were then thrown on the small carts in which they were to journey to the French border. The little company then started for Baelegen where the farmer expected to find his wife and child.

On arriving at the village he met his wife, but she did not have the baby with her.

"Where is baby?" he asked, as he assisted her into the wagon. "We must make use of every moment to reach the border. Mother and the others are going slowly on ahead so that we may soon overtake them."

"But has she not our boy?" asked the mother. "If not we must go back to the farm-house after him."

"My God!" exclaimed the father, "we shall never see our baby again.

The French soldiers set the buildings on fire even before we were fairly started. I myself saw the house burning."

"My child! My poor boy!" shrieked the woman, throwing herself on the heap of bundles and convulsively beating them with her hands.

As the broken-hearted mother lay there sobbing and calling for her baby she suddenly heard a noise near her. Again she heard the sound but in her distress paid little attention to it, or its whereabouts. Once more it was heard, somewhat louder than before. This time she thought the sound was like the muffled cry of her baby and she looked around to see whether she could detect from where the voice came but could see nothing. Again the noise was heard, this time apparently coming from within a large bundle of bed clothing. Perhaps her child was inside this roll of blankets. She at once started untying the cord which held the bundle together, forgetting in her excitement that a knife would much more quickly accomplish her purpose. It seemed as if she could never undo the bundle, so tightly had the cord been tied. At length, however, the little woman succeeded and quickly unrolled the blankets; but she could not see her child there. She sank to the bottom of the cart disheartened, when all of a sudden something kicked off the upper blankets and out into her lap rolled the baby.

It had so happened that in her excitement the mother-in-law, who was near-sighted, had in her haste accidentally wrapped the sleeping baby in the bed clothing. The baby during all this time had slumbered in comfort, being awakened only by the mother, who bemoaning the loss of her child had beaten with her arms upon the very bundle in which the child had been sleeping.

"Heaven be praised!" murmured the grateful little mother. "All is not yet lost."

THE WORST OF THEM ALL

Bru*T*us
Uria*H* Heep
Macb*E*th

Becky *S*harp
Benedi*C*t Arnold
S*H*ylock
Ner*O*
Aar*O*n Burr
Vi*L*la

Ca*P*tain Kidd
Pil*A*te
Ba*R*sad
Jud*A*s
*S*crooge
Ca*I*n
Sa*T*an
H*E*nry VIII

FISHIN'

Max Specht

LOVE, upon a summer's day,
To while some happy hours away,
Upon some pleasant quiet lake
A fishin'.
I love my pole and line to take
And stroll through woods to limpid pool
And sit beneath the shadows cool,
A fishin'.

Or on a wintry day, so chill,
To wander over mead and hill
And with my lines and axe to go
A fishin'.
Although the fish to bite are slow
There patience has its own reward;
(The big ones on your stringer stored)
That's fishin'.

For though it be in Summer, Fall,
Or Winter, it will always call.
It is the one all year round sport,
Is fishin'.
Is there a boy of any sort
Who has not, at some time been thrilled
And all his heart with longing filled
For fishin'?

WITH the exception of two years (1876 and 1880) students have graduated from the Valparaiso High School every year since 1874. The classes have varied in size from three to fifty-two until now the list of graduates is a long one, amounting in all to six hundred and twenty-four. Our own class is the forty-second one, and we shall add thirty-one to the list of graduates who daily pay tribute to their Alma Mater.

It may interest some to know that three of our class are children of former graduates of the Valparaiso High School. Maxwell Evans is the son of Maud Skinner (1884); Frederic Arvin, of Jessie Hawkins (1883); and Louise Smith is the daughter of Eva Baum (1889).

Of the fortunes of the class just preceding us we know all will be eager to hear. As yet few have attained the fame promised by their class prophet, but all are filling some honorable niche in life.

The following are attending Valparaiso University: Lucille Campbell, Margaret Campbell, Alma Curtis, Allen Dalrymple, Mary Ewing, Paul Findling, Martha Davidson, Gurdon Huntington, Bruce Loring and William Morthland. Loring Casbon is attending school in Detroit; Florence Powers in New York City, and Niles Smith and Kenyon Wyckoff at Purdue. Lillian Sayers, Dorothy Lembke, Edna Engel and Florence Wheeler are continuing their work in the Valparaiso High School.

The following are working: Lola Albery as a stenographer for Mr. Drapier; Hugh Blackney at Urschel's factory; Floyd Brown at the Valparaiso National bank; Hudson Deardorff at Specht & Finney's; Herman Farris for the U. S. Tire Company at Detroit; Francis Gast with his father; Donald Herrick at Findling's Sheet Metal Works; Joseph Horn as a butcher in Valparaiso; Kathryn Kirkpatrick at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago; Irene McWhinney at the Chautauqua Mfg. Co.; Herman Marquardt and Lewis Stendahl in Gary; Deforest Muster and Charles Reagen at the steel mills; Allan Nelson with an architectural company in Toledo; Coral Ruth

and LeeElla Steward with Lowenstine's Department Store; Lily Shinabarger at Pitkin & Brooks Co., and Raymond Shurr at the Valparaiso postoffice. Coit Dolhover is running his father's farm, and Clarence Gardner is on a ranch in Flasher, South Dakota.

The following are teaching: Evelyn Davidson and Margaret Holst in White Lake, S. D.; Archie Keene at Lena, Ill.; Mary Weichart and Florence Green in Porter County, and Bessie Wetter in Renwick, Iowa.

Loraine Hughes, Mary Keene, Sarah Marimon and Anna Tofte are staying at home.

Within the last few months one alunma has died. Mrs. Harry Simms, Susie Skinner (1879), passed away Feb. 27, 1917, at Ogden, Utah. Mrs. Simms was one of the early graduates and one of whom her Alma Mater was most proud. For a number of years she was principal of the Valparaiso High School, and her students and fellow teachers remember her as one of the noblest and gentlest natures with whom it has been their privilege to be associated. Her interest in the V. H. S. has never grown cold. Each year she looked forward to receiving an annual, and, though the mother of six children and a woman of wide interests in her home city, Salt Lake, her heart responded always to the joys and sorrows of her old home.

The following members of the Alumni have married during the last year: Harvey Lantz (1898) to Marie Scaunel; Grace Mains (1911) to Emil O. Grady; William Strahl (1911) to Anna Wise; Grace Chartier (1912) to Marion Thune; Marie McNay (1913) to George Chester; Gretchen Small (1913) to Jessee Billings; Edna Curtis (1914) to H. L. Thatcher; Carrie Mead (1914) to George Briggs; Gladys Snider (1914) to George Sellards; Marguerite Bennett (1912) to Fred Aylesworth; Beulah Boyer (1910) to M. H. Brieninger, Mary Boyer (1910) to J. H. Pendergast, and Wm. Johnston (1909) to Pearl Stoner (1909).

—*Helen McNiece*

FORMER EDITORS

1904—Rudolph Bartholomew, Auretta Agnew, Gordon B. Norris.
1905—Ray Lawrence, Alice Talcott.
1906—Neil Arvin, Jane Dalrymple.
1907—Carrie Whitlock, Cartha Card.
1908—Dema Timmons, Ben Schenck.
1909—Wm. Johnston, Jr., Corrine Blount, Berniece Reynolds.
1910—Minnie Lemster, Dorothy Arvin.
1911—Laura King, Grace Mains, Dorothy Dewitt.
1913—Helen Fehrman, Amanda Grunert.
1914—Orval Mains, Velma Daggett.
1915—Fred Marston, Howard Dodge.
1916—Charles Reagan, Frances Powers.

IMPRESSIONS

Irene Ball—A sarcastic Antoinette; Lady Macbeth on Flint Lake; a flash of lightning on a dark night; opals in a box of ivory.

Earle Mavity—The grand duke of Chesterton; Patrick Henry in a pinch-back.

John Shatz—A monk with a sense of humor; Mark Twain, red-haired; Yankee Doodle on a Jew's harp.

Earl Smith—Romeo on State Street; a bored knight-errant; purple boxing gloves.

Forrest Jones—A panic in a pie factory; a lazy autumn day; Bottom in a street car.

Cynthia Willing—Kimonas sprinkled with cherry blossoms; a studious Pocahontas; a poppy on the road to Mandalay.

Helen McNiece—A Puritan at play; lilies on an altar; a perfumed south wind.

Rosemary Lawrence—Esther in a middy blouse; a daubed palette; Elizabeth Browning, born in Porter county.

Bernard Szold—A David Copperfield who stutters; a clothier at a suffrage meeting; Joseph in a stiff collar.

Helen Kull—A portly Minerva; an ivory tea kettle.

Helen Dean—Mistress Page, studying Civics; a laugh from behind a curtain; Diana at a movie show.

Maxwell Evans—Ivanhoe, eating a sundae; a boy's dream of himself as a movie actor; silver cartridges.

Ray Stubbs—The strumming of a banjo on a moonlight night; the lapping of waves on a sandy shore; Thomas Jefferson making sundaes.

Max Specht—A bashful Satyr; a steel magnate in a Ford; an infant rhinoceros.

Herbert Schleman—The first automobile; the hand-shake of an old friend; chestnuts sputtering on a hearth.

Gladys Ritz—A statue of Athena in a dark room; a bon-fire in the woods; pearls set in gold.

Helen Wark—Apples on a sideboard; a minstrel show at a church social; Christmas.

SOCIETY

SOCIETY

(The Senior class of 1917 has had one of the most brilliant social careers that a graduating class has heretofore been able to boast of. There have been four school years fairly crowded with unique and never-to-be-forgotten parties and picnics. The quality and number of our affairs have established a precedent which will be difficult for succeeding classes to follow. In brief, our social life has been marked with unusual diversity.)

THE PROGRESSIVE TRAMP PARTY

October 13, 1916

YES, it was a night of hoodoos, that night when the gang was to collect around a certain little red schoolhouse. The hoboes came from the north, the south, the east, and the west, on this appointed night—Friday, the thirteenth. We began our detour of the village with only one member missing—Evans, who had been hurt while riding the rods on the "Big Nine". On account of our numbers and experience we had no difficulty in pillaging the kitchens and pantries of the more prosperous citizens. We ran pretty close to the schedule made out by Wark, the leader of the gang: apples and pears, real estate man; weenies, newspaper editor; candy, retired grocer; pickles, university "prof"; buns, business man. Drum-major Dean and Lieut. Sherwood marched us in double-quick time through the eastern part of town, across the bridge, and onto the highroad. We soon came to the old mill, which loomed up like some grim spectre in the moonlight. Here we picked the fire-wood and wound on round the bend up into the woods. A roaring fire was built, a stump speech was made by Wark, and then we all produced our booty and proceeded to make way with it. The fraternal regalia of Hoboes Welty and Ball showed up well in the light of the fire, as did the rest of the gang. Then for an hour or more we made the old hills ring with shouts and the favorite songs of the faculty, namely: "Seeing Nellie Home," "Nancy Lee," and "Out on the Deep." Gradually the crowd lessened as small groups drifted homeward until just a few of the younger members were left. Those, too, departed soon after the rest, singing "Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve," and "Good-night, Ladies".

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

October 28, 1916

The wild west wind was blowing and the leaves were driven "like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing," when silently, one by one, they glided into that haunted house 'way out on the edge of town. The wails, groans, sighs, moans, and unearthly howls of people long since dead greeted the bidden guests as they wandered through rooms musty and dank with the odor of mouldering skulls. In these rooms a ghastly, cadaverous, supernatural light shone from pumpkin-heads and death's-heads to which the spirits of men had returned for the festival on the Eve of All Saints. In one corner of a room lay the shrouded skeleton of some illustrious personage of the Dark Ages, while in another dim corner was the wierd den of a sorceress suggestive of bats, spider-webs, and black cats. Here the sad or happy fate of each guest was pronounced; and elated or dejected he passed on into another room.

When the whole crowd had assembled the masked revellers were seen to be garbed in a great variety of costumes. One had burlesqued a harem favorite, another a Spanish senorita, and many were simply ghosts from No Man's Land. After surveying one another they speedily followed a suggestion to discard the masks and engage in a game of Three Bowls. A goodly supply of laughter was furnished by Helen Dean and Wark throughout the game, in which the destinies of all were decided. This completed, the game of Forfeits was played and with a few exceptions the crowd was rather bashful. Mr. Shafer paid the price by walking on his hands, while Mr. Pauley showed the agility of an acrobat when he turned a succession of hand-springs. Herbert Schleman charmed his audience with a toe-dance executed both skillfully and gracefully. Miss Benney completed the list of performances with a blood-curdling story that made one shiver and wish there were not so many skulls around.

Perhaps to raise our spirits after that story or because convention says, "We must," nutriment was served, which consisted of delicious pumpkin pie, rosy-faced apples, tempting "sinkers," and cider to quench our thirst,—thoroughly satisfying grub, as it were. Next the guests were told to retire to the back yard—a very extraordinary proceeding; yes, but it was an extraordinary night. A regular bon-fire was built and the red flames blazed and the gray smoke towered while everyone stood around toasting marshmallows by the dozen. And because everyone had been fed, and had had an unusually good time they sang every song in vogue. It was nearing midnight and the spell would soon be broken, so the crowd bade their hostesses, Cynthia Willing, Louise Smith, and Ruth Bennett, good-night, and executed a snake-dance down Main Street.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

December 28, 1916

It was bitter cold and the snow crunched under the feet of the guests as they made their way to the scene of the Junior-Senior Christmas Party. The old gym had been decorated with cheery red bells. Festoons hung from various parts of the ceiling and Christmas trees stood at either end of the room.

When the merry-makers had gathered a game was announced in which some seventy Juniors and Seniors, plus the faculty, engaged. The entertainment committee surely had chosen the game for the purpose of winding the guests (who were rather short of breath anyway as the result of Christmas turkeys and vacation dinners) for the game consisted of a series of ungraceful dog-trots about a line of too small chairs, then a headlong rush for a seat. This over with, the heap of mysterious packages clustered at the base of one Christmas tree were distributed. Everything from combats, sleigh bells, "tin henries", rubber balls, drums and horns to real grapefruit and lemons, were among the innumerable gifts. Immediately following the wild screams and frantic yells which the gifts called forth, a contest was announced and the contestants chosen. Speed and efficiency were the things to be rewarded. A boy and a girl competed against each other in this race, in which rubbers, coats, hats, and gloves had to be put on and removed, umbrellas raised and

closed, before they made their wild dash for the goal. Let me add incidentally that the boys invariably won, much to the delight of the exultant males in the crowd.

Several other games were played, all of which tended to increase the appetite of the already hungry mob. Consequently the delectable grub was served most timely. Dainty, effeminate sandwiches, pale from fright at the rapidity with which they were hustled from kitchen to plate, from plate to hand, from hand to mouth, and thence to dark, cavernous regions; plebian murphy-salad with here and there an impertinent slice of onion and egg all half drowned in creamy mayonaise, constituted the first relay. Then cocoa (which is fattening) was served with a two-fold purpose—that of replacing the lost avoirdupois of the racers and washing down the dry items on the menu. Still more delicious was the pineapple ice, the devil's food, and the angel's food which followed.

On with the dance, ye followers of Terpsichore! The command was obeyed; couple after couple were one-stepping or fox-trotting vigorously around as the rag-time tunes floated melodiously through the pine-scented air. When the strains of the last chorus had died away the room was practically deserted; then in a moment the lights were extinguished, a last door closed, and the spirit of silence again reigned supreme in the once festive hall.

THE VALENTINE PARTY

February 16, 1917

The "three Helens" plus the society and calendar editors, held secret conference for several nights after school. Then one day innocent little notes were sent out to the Seniors and Faculty asking that all be at the Rose Room at 7:15 sharp, February sixteenth. The mystery fast disappeared and after the black-hand aspect of the whole thing, it turned out to be just a St. Valentine's Party. But—

After quietly assembling in the dimly lighted room the guests were asked to file up the stairs to view a photoplay starring the "darling of the screen" (named after our own little Mary P.) Everything turned out "happily ever after," and as soon as the finis was flashed on the screen another perilous descent was made down the stairs.

Since it was a St. Valentine's party and the way to man's heart leads through his stomach, the wise hostesses bade the guests find their places at the various tables. Some time was taken in consuming the palatable refreshments —chicken salad, pickles, wafers, and hot chocolate. In the midst of the last course toasts were announced and the speakers—Mr. Pauley, Mr. Jessee, Miss Welty, and Miss McIntyre—followed each other in rapid succession. One gave a good hearty toast to all Seniors; another, a plea to us not to forget our homes and mothers upon leaving High School; still another gave a clever toast in rhyme containing much good advice and many humorous passages; the last made an impressive talk, emphasizing the importance of a fine, true character.

Next several consecutive games of Lawyer were played, immediately after which "Wark" demonstrated her powers as a mesmerist, completely

overpowering her audience with her dainty, convincing gestures. Still partially under the influence of the mesmerist the crowd executed a Virginia Reel, with the exception of a few faculty members who had taken their leave. The dance was followed by more modern steps to the tunes, "Saxaphone Sobs" and "Chinese Blues". After this the guests departed, leaving only the dish-washers—let the curtain drop at this critical point.

THE HOUSE WARMING AT McINTYRE COURT

February 26, 1917

McIntyre Court sounded like "high-brow stuff" to us Seniors so we decided to muss things up a little and give Mr. and Mrs. Jessee a regular house warming.

We met at Ruthie B.'s and incidentally assembled provisions there. A stranger would not have been surprised to see a Red Cross nurse or two sitting by that great heap of eatables with a sign, "Relief Supplies for the Belgians"; but "them as knows us" would have casually remarked, "Hum! looks like a '17 Senior party".

Starting at seven-thirty we soon covered the distance between the two houses, entered the court, and stampeded like so many cattle onto the porch and into the house. Considering the high and ever-soaring price of food the writer deems it unnecessary to add that we were greeted with a hearty welcome. We assumed immediate charge of the first floor, spreading the bulging packages on the dining room table and grouping ourselves comfortably around the cheery grate fire. Songs were sung; a game or two of Lawyer was played; then a wild cry for food rent the air, and immediate action was taken to satisfy the ravenous bunch.

So huge was our supply that a Great Pyramid of sandwiches, a Sphinx of potato salad, a leaning tower of cake, a Pike's Peak of beans, a hill of olives, and a whole sea of wabbly jello would have been both possible and probable. Even after gorging ourselves we felt assured that we had left the Jessees a week's supply.

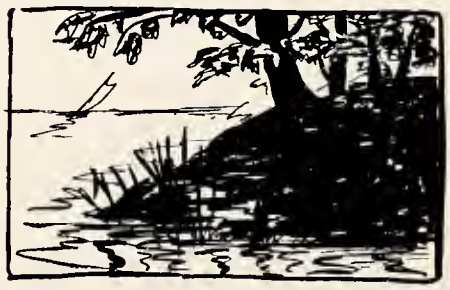
Those so talented sang, and when it came to "Valpo High School" everyone joined in. At the hour of ten (in obedience to Mr. Jessee's recent advice) we gathered up our pans and implements and started for home, confident that our surprise had been successful.

The choosing of the fairest lass and most handsome lad from the Senior class was a memorable occasion. The contest took place in the English class room. Both extemporaneous and impromptu speeches were given, displaying to great advantage the wit and ingenuity of the class members. Despite the fact that Miss Benney was sorely disappointed because "her John" failed to get the prize, the affair was a decided success. The palm of beauty was voted to Helen McNiece for the girls and Raymond Sego among the boys.

Since the annual goes to press so long before graduation, there are many social events which must unfortunately be omitted. It goes without saying that they will come up to the standard which the Class of '17 has set, and may even surpass their previous efforts.

—Irene Ball

CALENDAR



1917

SEPTEMBER

4—School begins. Rev. Gelston gives an interesting talk on "Starting Right." Fred Arvin drops the curtain.

5—We resume "Love's Old Sweet Song" again. Helen Wark congratulates Mr. Shafer.

8—Max Specht christened "Climax." Seniors organize. Everyone happy—usual Friday morning spelling lesson. "Robert" Fenton gets cold feet.

11—Mr. Pendleton visits us for the first time and talks on "The Three Golden Apples." Mr. Jessee has a hair-cut. Helen Kull grows a goatee over night. Seniors elect officers.

12—Mr. Jessee, thinking we need a little more speed, institutes a new plan for passing to classes. Someone tries the old joke of stuffing paper in the bell.

13—Miss Benney talks on reference work and Mr. Jessee on the Centennial. Absent-minded Freshies make a head-long dash to class in the middle of a period. Senior class-pin struggle is on.

14—Bernie Szold tries to kick the linoleum off the floor, but instead, nearly breaks his neck. Everyone's ready to move out—Helen Dean leads the singing in "Dutch."

15—Foot-ball practice begins. Temperature in Mr. Shafer's room—absolute zero.

16—Valpo takes everything from Gary in tennis.

18—Rev. Bassett makes his last appearance in High School and speaks on "Boy's Success." Our old schoolmate, Verdie Kilburn-Garrison, visits us. Helen McN. announces to the Civics class her hours for collecting garbage.

20—John Shatz on "Why I played Hookey"—a lively account of the state fair. The editorial staff has its first ride in a hydraulic elevator.

22—The Civics class attends Council meeting, during which Joe Crowe almost starts a riot.

23—Valpo beats Froebel 3-1 in tennis.

25—Rev. Williamson talks, for the last time in High School, on the Centennial celebration. We have our first fire drill in which the new fire escapes are initiated. John Shatz has a hair-cut and wears a new collar.

26—Helen Kull tells the legend of the naming of Flint Lake. The High School boys show us the latest styles in neckties.

27—English VII gives a Centennial program. School is closed for the remainder of the week (provided it doesn't rain).

29—Historical pageant at the fair grounds, in which the High School takes a prominent part.

OCTOBER

2—Dr. Evans talks impressively on "Taking Advantage of Your Opportunities."

3—The assembly give Biblical quotations. Helen Kull loses her geometry note book. Where did Letha Kilburn get the diamonds?

4—English V and VI give a Centennial program.

6—The "Big Brother" movement starts in High School.

9—Mayor Sisson speaks on "Efficiency." After much wrangling, the Seniors choose their class pins. Some of the Seniors have a thrilling experience near Frederic Arvin's.

10—Seniors have an argument about class colors.

11—English V and VI give quotations. Scared? Oh, no! But John Shatz helps them out.

12—Helen Kull loses her Physics note book. Mary Arden Crumpacker mistakes the English class room for a hair-dressing parlor.

13—"Teapot" creates a sensation by falling out of her seat. Rip! Tear! Poor Tommy Johnson! Juniors challenge the rest of the school to a foot-ball game and are defeated. Too bad, but they need to be taken down a notch. Max Evans gets hurt in the game (Oh, you Friday, the thirteenth!) Seniors have a weenie roast and Helen Dean proves herself an able assistant to Sergeant Sherwood.

16—Supt. Cole on "Preparedness." The Freshmen and Sophomores organize.

17—Mr. Wright on "A Trip to the Philippines." Ed Sierks attempts to sleep, but it's no use. Helen Wark gets sprinkled in Physics.

18—Two of the Seniors entertain us—Gertrude Hiltpold by reading Tennyson's "The Revenge," and Helen Dean with two vocal selections.

20—Seniors working diligently on orations. Miss Reynolds asks for a substitute in ruling her History II class.

23—Father Daly talks on "Education." New lights are installed in the assembly room. Seat-changing fever strikes High School.

24—Father Daly continues his talk. The organization of the Athletic Association takes place. Helen Kull loses her fountain pen.

25—Another lecturer, in the person of Bill Sergeant, one of the Juniors, gives an account of his trip through Yellowstone Park.

26—The Civics Class Council has its first meeting.

27—The Democrats and Republicans in the Civics class organize for an election campaign. Some of the Juniors play hookie and go joy-riding.

28—The Faculty and Senior class are entertained at a masquerade Halowe'en party at Cynthia Willing's.

30—Rev. Williams visits High School for the first time and talks on "Self Mastery." More little zeros for the Physics class blossom in Mr. Shafer's class book.

31—The Civics class visits the county farm. Grace W. breaks the swing. Noodles and mince meat—um-m-m!

NOVEMBER

1—Helen Wark and Helen Kull furnish the entertainment for morning exercises. The Civics class (with the exception of Herbert S., who was too sleepy) hear a Republican campaign speech by Senator Sherman of Illinois.

2—Irene Ball and Forrest Jones have a head-on collision in the north hall.

3—Freshmen have a masquerade party, in which some of the Seniors participate.

6—Earle Mavity and Fred Arvin, Republicans, and Ray Stubbs and Gertrude Hiltpold, Democrats, give campaign speeches.

7—Election day. Earle Mavity and Maxwell Evans, the Republican candidates, win the Civics class election. Genevieve Conover on this particular day plays "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You."

8—Great excitement over the election. Bill Jessee tells of his experiences as an employe in a foundry at Mishawaka.

10—Looks as if Wilson has it. Senior class pins and rings come. Sophomores have a party in the kindergarten room and the Juniors have a weenie roast at Doty's Beach.

13—Dr. Kress and Miss Gaston talk on cigarettes and an Anti-Cigarette League is formed. Earl Smith and Charles Dickover sport white vests.

14—Mr. Scriver of Portland, Ore., talks on "Self Control" and "The Mind." A lecture entitled "That Boy" is given for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

15—English V gives a program in honor of Robert Louis Stevenson. Herman Schroeder has a struggle with the pencil sharpener.

17—Valpo plays the first basket-ball game of the season and defeats Wheeler by a score of 38 to 9.—The Wheeler Athletic Association defeats the Valpo Alumni 30 to 29.

21—Irene Ball teaches the Civics-American History class.

22—English VII gives quotations from Tennyson. Senior cap day. Seniors wearing their new caps parade the assembly room. Mil-

dred Templeton faints from over-exercise climbing the stairs. Bake sale discussed in Senior meeting.

23—Because of the disapproval of some of the patrons, dancing has been prohibited at school functions and before school.

24—Earl Smith receives many gifts today from the Seniors, the occasion being his twenty-first birthday. V. H. S. basket-ball team, with Jess starring, plays Hebron and wins 68 to 3. Mr. Lazaga and Mr. Porras, Filipinos, tell of conditions in their land.

25—Seniors have a bake sale, a great success.

28—Mr. Pauley, in chapel hour, tells of a trip through Brown county.

29—O, dear! school is dismissed for the Thanksgiving holiday.

DECEMBER

1—Wanatah defeats V. H. S. basket-ball team 14-13.

4—Prof. Shafer conducts chapel exercises. Helen Wark teaches Civics class.

5—Mr. Jessee hasn't a good opinion of his disposition—oh, no! Important meeting of the "Katy Club."

6—Marguerite Hunziker gives an interesting account of Shakespeare's life and work. Seniors give Shakespearean quotations.

8—Another seat-changing spell. Basket-ball team wins from Wheatfield 43-11.

9—Valpo loses to Emerson 44-16.

11—Miss McIntyre, Thomas Johnson and Albert Cloud give a program in honor of Indiana's 100th birthday. A new flag is given the High School by the Sons of Veterans.

14—Mr. Cory, of the Lighting Company, gives an instructive lecture on the making of the electric light bulb. Also is kind enough to present his models to the Physics class. Earle Mavity "feels a fog in his throat."

15—Irene Ball gets top-heavy and falls from her seat twice within the space of an hour.

16—Our basket-ball five loses to Emerson in a good game, 15-14.

19—Rev. Newsom on "The Jewish Religion and Ours."

20—English VIII recites poetry in honor of Whittier's birthday.

22—Chester Fay tells of his experiences in Canada. School is dismissed for the holidays. V. H. S. team plays Wanatah; the Wanatah bunch gets "peeved" when they see they are getting the short end of the score, and forfeit the game.

28—Junior-Senior party.

JANUARY

2—School opens after the holidays. Rev. Gelston wishes Happy New Year.

3—The assembly gives New Year's quotations.

4—Forrest Jones displays unusual brilliancy in Physics.

5—Valpo defeats Laporte in basket-ball. Freshmen have a party, at which Kathleen Dee tells of her "affaires d'amour."

8—Father Mungovan on "Appreciation of School Opportunities."

9—The Freshmen get unusually talkative, and "that little Freshman back there" (Herr Fenton) gets bawled out.

10—English VIII present the morality play, "Magnificence," featuring John Shatz as "Adversity."

11-12—Examinations.

12—Valpo defeats Plymouth in basket-ball. The Freshman team beats Chesterton.

15—Credits given out, and more Freshies arrive on the scene.

16—Rev. C. C. Jessee on "Gold."

18—Civics class holds recitation in Superior Court room. They climb the tower, and Helen Dean is impressed with the exquisiteness of the sound of the court house bell.

19—Crown Point beats V. H. S. team by two points. Sophomores have a party.

20—Michigan City defeats the team by two points. Miss Archer teaches the teachers the A B C's of music.

23—Rev. Williams on "Taking Advantage of School Opportunities."

24—Jason Runyan, our popular yell master, talks on "Good Roads."

26—V. H. S. team defeats Laporte 28-13. Pretty good, we claim!

29—Prominent members of the Senior class are given a ride through the main streets of the city in a piano truck.

30—The "Agonizing Quartette" (Earle Mavity, Frank Wilson, Jason Runyan and Robert Winslow) furnish music, and Jason holds yell practice.

31—The Athletic Association puts the ban on hazing.

FEBRUARY

2—Plymouth defeats Valpo in basket-ball. The Freshman class welcomes the newest Freshies into the organization.

5—Mr. Pauley on "Americanism." Civics class debates on war and progress.

7—Earl Sherwood gives his oration on "Military

Training in the School." "Sparking" in Physics.

9—The oratorical contest, in which our witty editor and Ruth Bennett win the prizes. Seniors make some money on a candy sale.

10—Valpo beats Reynolds in basket-ball.

12—Lieut. Conrad encourages military training in school.

13—Lincoln's birthday anniversary celebrated by quotations.

14—Forrest Lansdowne does a little warbling stunt for us.

16—Middy day. Senior class and Faculty entertained by Helen Dean, Helen Wark, Helen Kull, Irene Ball and Gladys Ritz. H. S. team defeated by Alumni.

19—Mr. Shafer talks on "Individual Insignificance." Civics class debates on "Resolved, That the national government should control marriage and divorce laws." (The negative won.)

20—Rev. Gelston on "Patriotism." Blue shirt day.

21—Washington and Lowell quotations by the assembly.

23—Faculty team defeated by Seniors in basket-ball (27-13), and it was some game, the Seniors claim.

26—Senior class take "big eats" and surprise the Jessees in their new home.

29—Longfellow quotations by English classes. Senior play rehearsals begin in earnest.

MARCH

1—Kathleen Dee gets bawled out for talking to Georgie Bennett.

2—Interlaken wins from our basket-ball five, 24-11. The second team wins from Chesterton 34-14.

5—Miss Benney on "Patriotism and Self-Interest."

6—Rev. Cromwell on "Faith." Civics class program. Our Filipino friends furnish music, and Ruth Bennett distinguishes herself by playing a bugle call and a medley of national airs.

7—Charlotte Daskam and Herman Schroeder give eulogies on Alexander Hamilton and Robert E. Lee, respectively.

9-10—School dismissed for the tourney. Emerson wins the tourney.

13—Earle Mavity on "A School Paper" and Ray Stubbs on "The Study of Civics."

15—Jonesy gets peeved.

19—Mr. Pauley on "Lessons to Be Learned from the War."

20—Mr. Shafer on "The School as an Organization."

21—One of our Filipino friends furnishes violin music during chapel.

23—"Art" Kull falls at Miss Benney's feet.

26—Mr. Loring tells of his Antarctic trip and experiences.

27—Rev. Williams on "Using Your Talent."

28—Freshmen give quotations, although we wouldn't have known it if they hadn't told us. The Chemistry class eat supper with the Shafers.

30—Juniors have a party and entertain the entire cast of the Senior play. Thanks!

APRIL

2—Prof. Bennett on "The Sand Dunes."

3—Senior play, "Aaron Boggs, Freshman," is a decided hit.

4—Earl Themanson gives an account of his experiences as a guardsman on the border.

6—Helen McNiece and "Katy" Sego are chosen as the prettiest girl and most handsome boy in the Senior class. Miss Benney serves the class with pop corn balls and candy. Earl Sherwood wins in the Discussion League Contest for this district; subject, "Military Training in the Schools."

9—Kull's got the measles! Supt. Cole on "Be Prepared."

10—Delilah Ridenbaugh chosen from the representatives of all the classes to represent us in oral reading at Lake Forest.

11—Irene Ball and Ray Stubbs practice public speaking on us.

13—A day off. Seniors and Faculty go to Chicago to take competitive examinations. Ray and Irene place in the finals. Is not spring here? It is not.

17—Rev. Pendleton on "Self-Reliance."

MAY

20—Baccalaureate Sermon.

21—Juniors give the Seniors a farewell good time and eats.

22—Commencement.

23—Alumni reception.

—Gladys Ritz

YES, YES, GO ON!

Helen Wark

Why was the night so clear and bright,
And why the air so still?
Why did the moon in splendor shine
Out by old Sager's mill?

Why did the woods in silence stand,
Nor whisper one faint sound?
Their leaves made not the faintest noise
When falling on the ground.

Why did the stream flow quietly
While picking out its course?
Why did the spring gush silently
When coming with such force?

My friend! The Seniors made such noise
All Nature feared to speak,
For 'twas the hobo party night
On Friday of last week.

NOTABLE BIRTHDAYS

Jan. 7—Israel Putnam, Helen Dean.
Feb. 3—Mendelssohn, John Shatz.
March 3—Madam Roland, Max Specht.
March 14—King of Italy, Raymond Sego.
April 2—Washington Irving, Earle Mavity.
May 25—Emerson, Alice Blachly.
July 27—Thomas Campbell, Helen Wark.
July 29—Booth Tarkington, Emory Stoner.
Aug. 12—Robert Southey, Ray Stubbs.
Aug. 14—Thomas DeQuincey, Rosemary Lawrence.
Aug. 23—Louis XVI, Frederic Arvin.
Aug. 25—Bret Harte, Gertrude Hiltpold.
Sept. 3—Sarah Orne Jewett, Forrest Jones.
Oct. 3—Bancroft, Grace Wareham.
Oct. 31—John Keats, Laura Holst.
Nov. 24—Laurence Sterne, Earl Smith.
Nov. 28—William Blake, Martha Heard.
Dec. 17—Beethoven, Whittier, Maxwell Evans.
Dec. 23—Richard Arkwright, Edna Griebel.

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS

THE V. H. S. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

SOON after school started in September, Prof. Jessee appointed Earle Mavity, Max Specht, John Sievers, Prof. Pauley and Prof. Shafer as a committee to draw up a constitution for an Athletic Association. After the constitution was framed a membership committee, consisting of Earle Mavity, Ruth Jessee and Robert Winslow, was appointed. Over one hundred and twenty-five pupils and teachers responded to the call of the committee. On Oct. 23, 1916, the first meeting was held and officers were elected. Maxwell Evans, '17, was chosen president; John Sievers, '18, was elected vice president, and Earl Smith, '17, was made secretary-treasurer. Later the president, with consent of the manager, Prof. Jessee appointed the following committees: Finance, Earle Mavity, chairman; Ruth Parks and Herbert Schleman; rules and regulations, Max Specht, chairman; William Sergeant, Mark Loring; auditing committee, Bernard Szold, chairman; Kathryne McWhinney, R. R. McClurg; yells committee, Jason Runyan, cheer leader; Gladys Ritz and Gretchen Specht; property committee, Edwin Szold, chairman; Vera Cole and Edward Sierks. On Jan. 5 Earl Smith resigned his position and Prof. R. R. McClurg was chosen in his stead.

The purpose of the organization was two-fold—first, to keep the students more interested in athletics, and second, to put the athletics of the High School on a business-like basis. The association has done much toward furthering the interests of the pupils along these lines and has indeed put athletics on a good, sound commercial basis.

THE TENNIS TEAM

In the spring of 1915, under the leadership and direction of William Schenck, a high school tennis team was formed. A match was secured with Gary, to be played at Emerson Courts. Here we were given our first defeat. William Schenck, Wesley Hoffman, Frank Wilson, Harold Gates and Earle Mavity comprised the team. Only two of the six matches were won by Valpo, and those were due to Captain Schenck's excellent work. Schenck and Gates both were lost because of graduation. Loomis and Card then came to the rescue. With these five—Hoffman, captain; Wilson, Mavity, Loomis and Card—Valpo won two matches from Gary, winning four out of six games each time.

In the spring of 1916 Hoffman resigned the captaincy, and Earle Mavity was elected in his place. Four more matches were scheduled with Gary, two each with Emerson and Froebel. Emerson was defeated both times, but Froebel won five out of the six matches at both meetings of the teams. Captain Mavity was the only one to win against Froebel. He defeated Benson in both matches after very hard struggles.

In the fall of 1916 a great change occurred in our line-up. Mavity was

THE TENNIS TEAM

re-elected captain, but he and Card were the only veterans on the team. The competition was exceptionally close, but because of lack of practice the other veterans failed to place. The Hiltpold brothers, Walter and Werner, were the other members of the team. On Sept. 16 Emerson came here to play, and didn't carry even a smell of the bacon home. One week later Froebel came here. Valpo nearly made another clean sweep, as we lost only one match. On Sept. 30 Valpo went to Gary and played both teams. Mavity, Wilson, Walter Hiltpold and Card played Froebel, while Loomis, Werner Hiltpold, Bennett and Specht battled with Emerson. Both matches were won, leaving the season's record free from all blots.

Following is a summary of the season's work:

Sept. 16, *Emerson*

Mavity defeated James 6-3, 7-5.
Walter Hiltpold defeated Waddles 6-3, 6-0.
Card won from Gary by default.
Werner Hiltpold defeated Leopold 6-1, 6-0.
Mavity and Card defeated James and Waddles 6-4, 6-1.
Hiltpold brothers won by default.

Sept. 16, *Froebel*

Mavity defeated Rhodes 6-2, 4-6, 6-3.
Walter Hiltpold lost to Benson 4-6, 5-7.
Card defeated Frazier 6-1, 6-love.
Werner Hiltpold won by default.
Mavity and Wilson defeated Rhodes and Benson 6-4, 6-3.
Hiltpold and Card won by default.

Sept. 30, *Froebel*

Walter Hiltpold defeated Rhodes 6-2, 2-6, 6-3.
Card defeated Frazier 6-4, 8-6.
All other games forfeited to Valpo.

Sept. 30, *Emerson*

Loomis defeated James 6-4, 3-6, 6-4.
Werner Hiltpold lost to Waddles 2-6, 6-2, 4-6.
Bennett defeated Coons 6-4, 6-4.
Specht lost to Leopold 5-7, 8-6, 6-8.
Hiltpold and Bennett defeated James and Waddles 3-6, 6-4, 6-1.
Other match forfeited.

Much of the success of the team is due to the fact that the University Courts, through the kindness of the management, were accessible at all times. Only one member of the first team is lost by graduation, and that is Mavity, the present captain. Under his leadership the team has met with repeated successes, and the loss will be greatly felt. Wilson and Mavity will represent the High School at Staggs Interscholastic meet in Chicago in June.

FOOT BALL

Early in the foot ball season of 1916 we had great hopes for a winning eleven. Everyone was enthusiastic over the bright outlook. Although most of the big fellows had been graduated, yet we still had a fine supply from which to pick our team. But the hopes for a 'varsity were given up when only five returned the necessary permission slips. Then came the desire for inter-class games. The Juniors having most of the eligible players, agreed to play the rest of the school. After about two weeks of practice the two teams met on the afternoon of Friday, October 13. It was a fine day for a gridiron struggle. The Senior-Sophomore-Freshman combination succeeded in scoring a touchdown in the first period. This was the only touchdown made, although the Juniors came very near making one in the last period. All through the game the sportsmanship of the members of the Valparaiso High School was evident, and although defeated, the Juniors made no complaint. After this game foot ball was dropped for the season, and basket ball soon took its place as a leading sport.

—*Maxwell Evans*

BASKET BALL

When one takes into consideration that Coach Shafer had nothing but raw material left to work with, the 1916-1917 basket ball season has been a howling success. Early in the season the public was absolutely sure that Shafer could not put out a good team in a few months, but the public erred, for the first six games demonstrated that we had a team to be proud of, indeed. But because of the inability to get a good place to practice the team was greatly handicapped. Out of 19 games, however, the locals won 10 and lost 9. Of the nine lost, two were lost by a small margin of two points and two more by a smaller margin of one point.

The team this year was one of the strongest teams on the defensive in the state. This was proved by the fact that they held Emerson of Gary to the lowest score of the season. We had a fighting team that could not be beaten for defense. But because of lack of gym facilities the offensive was weak.

Pratt, the captain, was the whole mainstay of the team. His brilliant work won more than one game, and had he received the support of the rest of the squad in the other games, the season would have been more successful. Hiltpold had his first High School basket experience this year. Naturally he had stage fright at the beginning of the season, but later he developed into a cool, steady, little player. Loring at center kept up the reputation of the family, and was the most conscientious player of the squad. He worked hard, and the improvement he made from time to time was remarkable.

Opponents	Pratt				Hiltpold				Loring				Sievers			
	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T
Wheeler s	2	0	0	1	7	3	1	0	5	0	1	1	1	0	0	0
Hebron r	15	0	0	4	7	0	0	0	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wanatah s	2	1	4	0	0	1	4	0	2	1	2	1	0	0	1	0
Wheatfield s t	5	0	1	0	6	1	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0
Emerson	1	6	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0
Emerson	2	1	3	0	3	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	1
Jackson Center n	3	0	3	0	2	0	3	0	7	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
LaPorte	4	4	2	1	3	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	1	0	1	0
Plymouth	1	3	2	1	4	0	1	0	4	0	1	0	1	0	2	0
Crown Point	3	5	2	0	3	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	0
Michigan City	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	0	4	0
LaPorte	4	0	3	0	4	2	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	2	0
Plymouth	0	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0
Reynolds	7	3	0	0	7	0	0	0	5	0	2	0	2	0	1	0
Alumni	1	4	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	3	0
Interlaken	0	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	1	0	3	0
Emerson	0	6	1	1	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	53	41	27	9	54	13	12	0	44	1	23	2	8	0	23	2

s—Szold made 1 basket. r—Szold made 5 baskets.
t—LaCount made 4 baskets. n—Szold made 4 baskets.

Stewart				Sergeant				Sierks				Total				Opponents			
B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T	B	F	P	T
0	0	0	1	*	*	*	*	0	0	1	0	16	3	3	3	3	3	3	1
0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	34	0	0	5	1	1	0	1
0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	5	3	14	1	2	10	9	5
0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	21	1	7	0	4	3	2	1
0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	*	*	*	*	5	6	5	0	21	2	9	2
0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	*	*	*	*	5	4	8	1	5	5	9	2
0	0	0	0	4	1	2	0	1	1	4	0	21	2	13	0	4	7	3	0
0	0	2	0	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	10	4	8	1	5	5	8	1
0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	10	3	10	1	4	3	5	1
0	0	1	0	*	*	*	*	0	0	0	0	8	6	6	0	11	2	9	3
0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	*	*	*	*	4	3	12	0	3	7	9	0
0	0	2	0	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	13	2	7	0	4	5	7	0
0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	3	3	2	16	3	4	3
0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	3	5	0	7	4	4	0
0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	*	*	*	*	4	5	9	0	11	4	14	1
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	*	*	*	*	4	3	5	1	10	4	4	2
0	0	1	1	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	3	6	3	3	9	2	8	6
0	0	18	5	7	1	4	0	4	1	6	0	186	57	118	18	120	70	107	29

*—Games not played.

Steward and Sievers were as good a pair of guards as could be found. There are many excellent floor guards in the state, but they have to step to beat Sievers. Steward plays his position at back guard extremely well.

Following is the season's record:

V. H. S.	35—Wheeler	9
	68—Hebron	3
	13—Wanatah	14
	43—Wheatfield	11
	16—Emerson	44
	14—Emerson	15
	2—Wanatah	0
	44—Jackson Center	15
	24—LaPorte	15
	23—Plymouth	11
	22—Crown Point	24
	11—Michigan City	13
	28—LaPorte	13
	7—Plymouth	35
	45—Reynolds	18
	13—Alumni	26
	2—Michigan City	0
	11—Interlaken	24
	12—Emerson	20
V. H. S.	433—Opponents	310

THE TOURNEY

On March 9 and 10 we had the good fortune to hold the sectional tourney at the gymnasium recently erected by the University. The meet was a big success from every standpoint. Financially the Athletic Association, besides giving a good share of the profits to the University, cleared about one hundred dollars. Socially it was the biggest thing ever undertaken by the school, and the satisfaction that the visiting teams expressed concerning their entertainment proves the success of the enterprise. Much credit is due Prof. Jessee for its success. The gym on the hill made an ideal place to hold a tournament. The floor was big and the seating capacity was large. The games were all of interest and the total attendance was estimated at near six thousand.

TRACK AND BASE BALL

Little was done last year in either track or base ball. One base ball game was played. Emerson and a "big league" umpire defeated us 8 to 5. Mike Ferris knocked a home run with bases full, but it was a foul. Dolhover, Herrick, Bloch, Pratt, Findling, Sievers, Sierks, Farris, Gardner, Stubbs and Muster comprised the team. Gardner entered the Northern Indiana in the hurdles, but had to give it up when he turned his ankle in the preliminaries. Much is expected this year, however, in both sports.

B. F. SHAFER

This year we have been fortunate in having the services of Prof. Shafer as coach. With the facilities on hand he has done exceptionally well. He has developed out of raw material one of the best and strongest aggregations in the state. And had there been a bigger floor and better facilities for practicing, the state tourney would have seen Valpo near the finals. The state championship is his motto for next year.

JESSE PRATT

Pratt was the only member of last year's famous team that did not graduate. Jess is one of the best athletes that Valpo has ever had, and was the mainstay of the team this year. There is not a forward in the state that can eclipse him in speed. He was in every play, and was the most consistent player we had.

WALTER HILTPOLD

"Hippy," or "Fannie," as he is sometimes called, is Pratt's left-handed right-hand man. Hip is the only Freshman on the team, but he has shown the fans a thing or two. His left-handed keystones and splendid floor work always make his opponents feel like quitting. Walter has three more years, and we can predict a very enviable career for him.

MARK LORING

With the graduation of Dalrymple, the problem of a center man arose. There were no giants left in school, and the pivot position seemed vacant. But the first game clinched the place for "Windy." Mark has two more years, and should prove a valuable man to the team. He is especially strong on the defensive, although his offensive is not weak.

JOHN SIEVERS

John, next to Pratt, was the most consistent player of the quintette. His guarding was very good and his floor work beyond criticism. "Nasty" played a wonderful game at all times and was a good basket shooter. He played his best game at Laporte, where he was a source of constant worry to the Laporte forwards. He will be with us next year.

ARTHUR STEWARD

Art made everyone sit up and take notice at the beginning of the season by starting out with the pep that characterizes all his work. He played his best game against Emerson at the tourney, and had our team not been defeated in the first game, "Stew" would have made the all-sectional. He plays his position well and is an accurate passer.

WILLIAM SERGEANT

Bill was an excellent utility man because he could play one position as well as another. He always plays hard, and puts up a good brand of basket-ball. "Kaiser" played in eight games, and distinguished himself in all of them. He was rather fast, and he could put pep into a lamp post.

EDWARD SIERKS

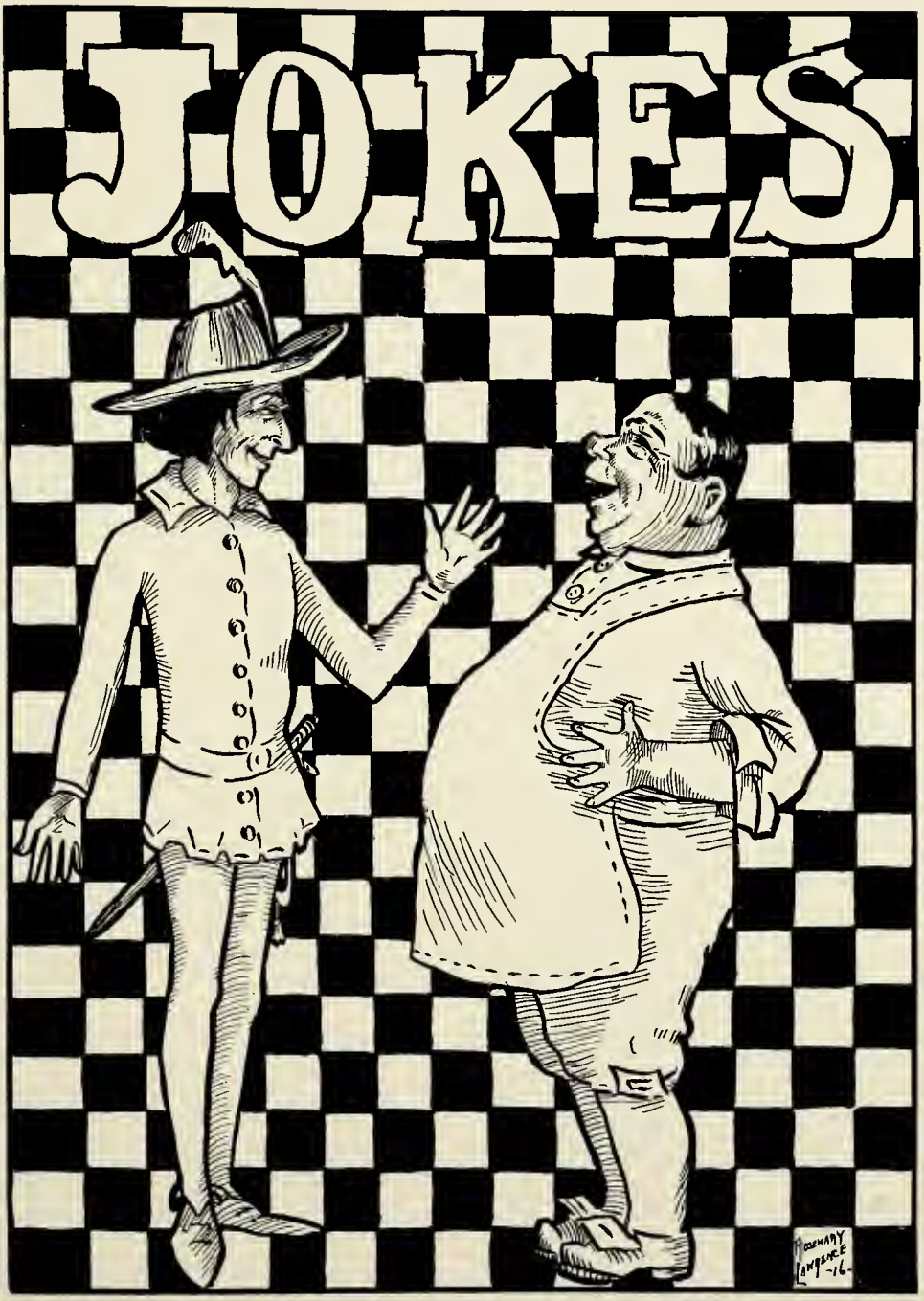
Ed, early in the season, qualified for a position because of his accurate shooting and team work. Ed worked hard and was a capable substitute for either Pratt or Hiltpold. He was always jolly and good-natured, and a great optimist. His long shots and swift floor work came in handy.

Memories

Memories

Memories

Memories


JOKES
ROSEMARY LAWRENCE -16-

JOKES

The first ingredient of common sense is a sense of humor.

———o———

Raymond Sego (in Civics Lab.)—"Say, Irene, are you through with your bottle?"

———o———

Miss Benney—"This young man seems to think inspirations of love come in the spring, for he says: 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'"

John Shatz—"I don't agree with him."

———o———

Wark—"And now about our weenie roast—what do we want?"

Bernie S.—"Weenies."

———o———

Gretchen—"Is Teapot a good seamstress?"

Gladys—"Yes; however, she does not apply it to every-day life; her remarks are more generally cutting than fitting."

———o———

Miss McI.—"When does Innocent III come?"

Gretchen S.—"After Innocent II."

———o———

Irene Groves (after a debate on the next president)—"Well, I have a bet of a five pound box of candy on Hughes."

Wayne Wellman—"That's nothing; my sister has a pair of silk stockings on Wilson."

———o———

Clerk—"What for you?"

John Shatz—"How much is this tie?"

Clerk—"Fifty cents."

John—"How much?"

Clerk—"Seventy-five cents."

John—"Oh, I heard you the first time."

———o———

Father—"What system are you studying in typewriting?"

Louise S.—"The touch system; oh, by the way, dad, er—you don't happen to have an extra dollar, do you?"

———o———

Wark (on first chilly day)—"Say, this is my idea of an open-air school."

———o———

Gladys R.—"Helen, you're kneading entirely too much vanilla into that fudge, aren't you, or does the recipe call for a vanilla bath?"

———o———

Esther C (dressed in black)—"I suppose you see I'm in mourning—yes, my engine died yesterday."

SOME DESPICABLE PUNS

What Senior has been purchased? Szold.
What Senior is spotted? Specht.
What Senior is dressed in 'em? Wareham.
What Senior is weepy? Ball.
What Senior is the head of a department? Dean.
What Senior is like most of our pencils? Stubbs.
What Senior is audible? Heard.
What Senior is an artisan? Smith.

———o———

Miss Benney—"I see you are shaking your head; did you have serious trouble with this poem?"

John Shatz—"The flies are troubling—"

———o———

Helen McN. (to Miss Young dictating)—"What kind of a razor?"

Miss Y.—"Why, Helen, haven't you ever heard of the Gillette Safety Razor?"

Helen—"No, I don't use that kind."

———o———

Fred A. (reading problem)—"'If it sank 7 inches in oil, what would be the density of the oil?' Of course, it's speaking of this block."

———o———

Wark (in Senior meeting)—"Now we're planning for a progressive tramp party. Just wear some old clothes—an old hat and a pair of walking shoes."

———o———

Rosemary L.—"What name would you suggest by which to call my canoe? That is, some name so that people would know it belonged to me?"

Fred A.—"How would 'Iona Canoe' do?"

———o———

Miss Rechenberg—"If you two will take these two seats, then I can immediately tell what seats are absent."

———o———

Mr. Shafer (after explaining the hydraulic elevator)—"Are there any questions?"

Edna G.—"I should think a person riding would get a shower bath."

———o———

Gertrude H.—"The health department tends to all the necessities of life—water, food, vaccination of children, and muzzling of dogs."

———o———

Miss Benney—"Now, of course, you know Henry VIII lived in—"

Wark (to her neighbor)—"Yes, about the same time Washington crossed the Rockies."

Helen W.—"We thought we would walk to Sager's for our weenie roast."

Earl Sherwood—"No, let's take bicycles."

Irene Ball—"Bicycles?"

Gladys R.—"No, take your peanut wagon, Earl."

———o———

Edna—"Earl makes me tired; he's only got 'horse-sense.'"

Monabelle—"What do you mean by 'horse-sense?'"

Edna—"Oh, I proposed to him and he said 'nay.'"

———o———

Miss Benney—"What synonym were we just discussing for protuberance?"

"Irene B.—"A boil on the end of a man's nose."

Miss B.—"I was not asking for anything so simple."

———o———

Ruth P.—"Will you explain to me what auto-intoxication is?"

Ruth J.—"Why, I don't know, but I have heard them say that people get it from drinking gasoline cocktails."

———o———

Frank Lutge—"Did the doctor find anything wrong with you?"

Edwin Szold (pointing to his head)—"He said there was something wrong up there."

———o———

Irene B.—"I think 'Moody, Lovett & Boynton' is so interesting. I even read chapters ahead of my lesson."

Wark—"Yes, it's about as interesting to me as finding the plot in the dictionary."

———o———

Max Evans (in Physics)—"Aren't some eggs softer than others?"

———o———

Miss Welty (at the Progressive tramp party)—"This brigade puts me in mind of the time when Cox's army came through here. I can just remember it; I was only a little kid."

Frederic—"That was right after the Civil War, wasn't it?"

———o———

"And this," said the teacher, "is the rhinoceros. Look carefully at his armored hide."

"I see," said the bad boy of the class. "An' wot's this one?"

"That," said the teacher, "is a giraffe."

"Gee! He's got a periscope."

Irene B. (after the progressive tramp party)—"These pears are delicious; what kind are they?"

Herb S.—"Why we thought they were 'Keepers' but we've decided differently now."

———o———

Teapot (in a heated political discussion)—"The Republicans believe that woman suffrage should be taken as a———"

Andy D.—"Joke!"

———o———

Irene B.—"How much do you weigh?"

Wark—"Hmm, I weigh 150; in fact I'm getting so thin that I have to stand twice to see my own shadow!"

———o———

Some of our prominent Junior girls made a shopping tour to Chicago. Upon arrival they were to meet some friends on Marshall Field's corner. After waiting about ten minutes they decided to inquire whether their friends had been there before they arrived. "Have you seen a girl here?" they asked a newsboy. "She was tall, had dark eyes, and——"

Said the newsboy, "I smell new-mown hay."

———o———

Gretchen S. (to a crowd of girls)—"I found some blood on the bridge——"

Teapot (turning excitedly) — "On what bridge?"

Gretchen—"On the bridge of Bud's nose."

———o———

Max E.—"Have you any 'Blue Ribbon' in your pocket?"

Earle M.—"No, but I've got some 'Schlitz' in my coat."

———o———

A—"Do you wear a bath-robe down to the beach?"

B—"No I just slip on some soap."

———o———

USES FOR THE COMPASS

Manicuring finger-nails,
Combing hair,
Erasing ink marks,
Cleaning teeth,
Harpooning sardines,
Murder and suicide,
And sometimes for geometrical construction.
(From the fertile brain of Margery Ellis.)

———o———

Following that Chicago professor's idea that all music tastes like edibles, what do you suppose bagpipe music resembles? Beet greens?

Mr. Shafer—"Here are three pennies I found in the hash."

Mrs. Shafer—"Yes, I put them there. You have been complaining, I understand, about a lack of change in your meals."

———o———

The reason why daughter has to go to gym every day for exercise is because washing dishes might make her flat-footed and sweeping the floor might give her housemaid's knee.

———o———

Mr. Pauley—"Give definition of, and use 'fiance' in a sentence."

Ruth B.—"Fiance means 'one who handles money.' 'The man is that girl's fiance.'"

———o———

WHERE DO FLIES COME FROM?

The cyclone makes the house-fly.
The blacksmith makes the fire-fly.
The carpenter makes the saw-fly.
The driver makes the horse-fly.
The grocer makes the sand-fly.
The lodger makes the butter-fly.

———o———

Bob W.—"Why is it that we come in here day in and day out and never get anything?"

Miss Reynolds—"Probably because you never bring in anything to get it in."

———o———

Mr. Shafer (with Fred reciting amid much whispering)—"I should think Frederic would be highly insulted if the class talked rather than listen to him."

Fred—"I am."

———o———

Miss Reynolds—"What is the English program for today?"

Marion O.—"Marguerite Clark in 'Silks and Satins.'"

———o———

Mr. Boucher (when Maurine McCord invariably confused angle, and triangle)—"You say 'yes' when you mean 'no'; sometime you'll say it when you don't mean to."

———o———

She stood in the door and watched the fire escape.

———o———

Ruth Moe had been fumbling all the bottles of toilet water on the shelf.

"Would you like something?" asked the clerk.

"No, thank you," replied Ruth. "I was only looking for my friend."

"We have a few more bottles on the shelf; she may be behind them."

Eleanor P.—"Why didn't we have music to march out with?"

Myrtle C.—"Because I wouldn't play."

———o———

Wark—"Congratulations, Mr. Shafer." (Applause.)

Earl Sherwood (after obvious wonderment)—"You didn't go and get married while you were away this summer, did you?"

———o———

Mr. Boucher—"What is the cause of all this laughter?"

Earle M.—"Didn't you know that Shafer had a new wife?"

Mr. B.—"I knew he had a wife, but I didn't know that she was a 'new' one."

———o———

Mr. Shafer—"Max!"

Max S.—"There are two Maxes in this class."

Max E.—"Call him Cli-Max."

———o———

New Preacher—"I shall take for my text the words, 'And in time the wig tree fithered away.'"

———o———

Class (in unison)—"This poem is difficult to understand."

Miss Benney—"Well, John, tell what you got out of it."

John S.—"Well, there were two painters and one of them fell in love with the gardener's daughter—and then I got lost."

———o———

Grace W. (comparing the beauty of an European and an American city)—"In an American hotel lobby you see flower-boxes and ferns sitting around."

———o———

"Now, little girl," said the clerk, "I can't spend the whole day showing you penny toys. Do you want the earth with a little red fence around it for a cent?"

"Let me see it."

———o———

Frank W.—"Would you like to be able to sing and play as I do, sonny?"

"No, siree," was the unexpected reply.

"And why not?"

"'Cause, I wouldn't like to have people say such horrid things about me."

———o———

Fred (when a terrible crash, caused by Max Specht going through Ellis's porch, is heard)—"He's a dawgone dangerous guy."

Miss Benney—"How soon do you think you'll hand in your oration?"

Ray S.—"About the first of October."

Miss B.—"You mean October."

Ray—"No, I meant what I said."

Miss B.—"Well, there isn't any such month."

Ray—"That's why I made it October."

———o———

Ed S.—"Who's sick up at your house?"

Art S.—"Oh, my brother."

Ed—"What's the matter with him?"

Art—"They can't tell. He eats and sleeps all right, and he stays out on the porch in the sun, but he can't do any work at all."

Ed—"He can't work?"

Art—"Not a bit."

Ed (looking towards the heavens)—"Man, that's not a disease; that's a gift."

———o———

Miss McI.—"There are few things more beautiful than a sunset in autumn."

Helen K.—"Oh, I could just watch it all day long!"

———o———

Bernie S.—"How was the big political meeting?"

John Shatz—"It would have been fine if the speakers hadn't kept getting up and interrupting the music."

———o———

Paul L.—"Why is a school-room like a Ford?"

Emory S.—"I don't know."

Paul L.—"Why, because there's a crank at one end and all the little nuts at the other."

———o———

Miss Reynolds—"Why do they call this tax a war tax?"

Floyd Craig—"Because we fight when we have to pay it."

———o———

Miss McI.—"Are there any questions?"

Wark—"Well, are these poll taxes for anything special—or just for living?"

———o———

Mr. McClurg—"Carrie Mae, why aren't you typewriting?"

Carrie Mae—"My machine 'came unthreaded."

———o———

One of the stories handed into us was found to be several hundred words too long. Pressed by time, we were forced to cut the last few paragraphs down to a single sentence: "The Earl took a Scotch highball, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and, finally, his life."

Mutt—"Ain't Nature wonderful?"

Jeff—"Why so?"

Mutt—"She gives us all faces, but we can pick our own teeth."

———o———

They were a very saving old couple, and as a result they had a very beautifully furnished home. One day the old woman missed her husband.

"Joseph, where are you?"

"I'm resting in the parlor, Susie."

"What, on the sofy?"

"No, on the floor."

"Not on that grand carpet?"

"No, I've rolled it up."

———o———

The most superstitious, as well as the greatest thinkers of the present century admit that hens lay eggs because they cannot stand them on end.

———o———

Forrest J. (initial recitation in Physics)—"The question reads: 'Why is heat so oppressive on a very damp day in summer?' Well, the air would be dry if it were not damp, and—" (Prolonged laughter.)

———o———

ON THE PLATFORM

Fat Jones sat on a chair
That wasn't there.
Result—Earthquake.

———o———

Miss Benney—"Have any of you read 'The Scarlet Letter?' It's quite interesting."

Louise S.—"I'm almost through with it."

Miss Benney—"Do you intend to give a report on it?"

Louise—"No, I'm just reading it—I started it last summer."

———o———

Rosy L.—"I know of a woman who is going to marry a Welchman and is going to become a citizen of Wales."

Emory S.—"But if her husband should die, then what would she be?"

Rosy—"Why, a widow, of course."

———o———

A—"Have you been studying the science of efficiency?"

B.—"Yes; I had to quit reading about it. Got so interested it was interfering with the rest of my work."

———o———

Bernard S.—"You have been accused of being a prevaricator."

Muggzy—"That's encouraging. The fact that they selected so delicate a word indicated that somebody is afraid of me."

Frank Lutge (debating)—"What proof have you that Wilson teached anything?"

Florence Griffin—"He may not have teached anything, but he has taught many things."

———o———

Professor (in Mathematics)—"And now we get X equals O."

Freshman—"Gee! All that work for nothing!"

———o———

Mother—"My son, why do all the young men wear soft shirts?"

Freshman—"I really am not sure, but I think it's to distinguish them from the assistant professors."

———o———

Miss McI. (in U. S. History)—"Where was Columbus going when he was forty-two years old?"

Max S.—"Going on forty-three."

———o———

Mr. Shafer—"What is velocity?"

(I won't mention his name)—"Velocity is something you let loose of a red-hot poker with."

———o———

Margery Ellis (in History)—"In 1619 the first ship-load of slaves was brought over."

Miss McI.—"Yes, and that helped to start the Civil war—"

Margery—"And they also brought over a ship-load of girls to be the colonists' wives—"

Wark—"And that helped start a household war."

———o———

Miss Reynolds—"What is economics?"

Kathleen Dee—"Economics is the process of becoming stingy."

———o———

LET 'ER RAIN

Or, Call the Plumber

'Tis raining out, and all around
The rain drops are collecting,
And here and there upon the ground
A rivulet is playing.

Such steady drops upon the pane
Incessantly are pattering,
And now and then from a leak in the drain
A rugged stream comes battering.

And patter, patter, as they come
The dust is gradually settling.
We stop and question where it's from
And then we go on chatting.

—By Corporal Yay Sherwood, Sergeant-at-Arms, Brigadier General, Rear Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Cook, and Poet Laureate of '17.

SENIOR'S KNOWLEDGE OF PHYSICS

(Condensed)

1. Why a flat-iron will hurt you if you hold it over your toe and let go of it.

2. Why water will not run up hill except when a giraffe is drinking.

3. Why fire is considerably warmer than ice.

4. Physics teaches us that a pound of feathers in a vacuum weighs more than a pound of lead, although this has not been of much help to humanity, since few people ever step into a vacuum to weigh these materials.

5. Physics will teach you that the lever is the most powerful force in the world, and that if you could get a fulcrum and a lever long enough you could life the world with one hand. Which is a great help to anyone.

6. Motion and force are the principal exhibits in Physics. These are very easily defined, and the experiment may be tried by anyone of the class who insists on proving everything.

———o———

Miss Rechenberg—"Fraulein Sayers, ubersetzen Sie wass du lesen."

Lillian Sayers—" 'Wie waren was du bist, und du wirst was sie sind.' You are, what you are. You will be, what you aren't."

———o———

Winifred Seymour (eulogizing Webster)—"In 1805 he was put behind the bar—!"

———o———

Miss Benney—"What are isms?"

Gertrude H.—"Fads."

Miss B.—"Yes; now the isms of Whittier's time were Transcendentalism, etc., and those of today, Socialism, Americanism,—"

Louise Smith—"Would Rheumatism be one?"

———o———

Mr. Shafer (politely taking Helen Wark's pencil to work a certain experiment)—"Now, if I break this pencil by inserting these knives—"

Wark—"Well, you got it the same way I did!"

———o———

Walt Hiltpold (Soph.)—"Have you your team ready for the track meet Saturday?"

Bob Findling (Freshie)—"Who is the track going to meet Saturday?"

———o———

Forrest Jones (in English VII)—"What are three rhymed lines called?"

Rosemary—"Triplets."

———o———

Ed Sierks—"They say that in eternity one cent means a million dollars and one minute a million years."

John Sievers—"Lend me a cent."

Ed—"Wait a minute."

Mr. Shafer—"Well, I'll assign pages 156 to 167."

Wark—"Did you say that we have to reach page 206 by the end of the term?"

Irene Ball—"We're disregarding friction now."

———o———

MY TEACHER

How well do I recall them days
Which now has went beyond recall,
When I did earn the teacher's praise
For learning faster than them all.
I seem to see my teacher now
With voice that made us stop our clamor
As, with a frown upon her brow,
My teacher used to learn me grammar.

I took to grammar not so quick.
Do you recall when you was young
Them sentences that used to stick
The longest on your childish tongue?
It ain't no snap to diagram
Them long, hard sentences, I know,
And persevering though I am,
My dear old teacher found me slow.

But thanks to her, I learned quite good,
And often it comes handy, too,
For all my talk is understood
By folks that speaks their English true.
The years have came and went from here,
But often when the lights are low
I see again my teacher dear,
Who learned me grammar long ago.

—Selected.

———o———

New Student—"What are those men doing?"

Prof.—"They are installing an electric switch."

Stude—"I don't think I care to stay, then."

———o———

Miss Rechenberg (in German I)—"Are there any questions?"

Fraulein Sayers—"What preposition do you use when you want to express limit of motion, as 'go to'?"

Miss Young (after a discussion of a letter in which the words English, History and Latin were used)—"Which words should you capitalize in this sentence, and which rule applies?"

Earl McMillen—"Rule 13—all words pertaining to the Deity should be written with a capital."

———o———

Miss Rechenberg—"How many of you are having trouble with your cases? You say you do, Miss Marquart?"

———o———

Mr. Shafer—"Then why does a laundry man spit on his fingers when he touches a hot iron?"

Earl S.—"To make it sizzle."

———o———

Teacher—"My boy, where is your intuition?"

Pupil—"I didn't know we had to bring any."

———o———

Someone overheard this, but—

M. L.—"May I come up tonight?"

E. P.—"I'm going to be busy, but I can get you a date with a real nice, good-looking girl."

M. L.—"I don't want a date with a real nice, good-looking girl—I want a date with you."

———o———

Ed S.—"Doesn't that scar on your head hurt?"

Jess P.—"Oh, no. It's next to nothing."

———o———

Grace W. (in Chem.)—"What is the formula for milk?"

Bob K.—"C O W."

———o———

There was a young chemistry tough
Who, mixing a compounded stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial,
And after a while
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

———o———

Miss Welty—"If patrimony is an inheritance from your father, what is an inheritance from your mother?"

Al Cloud—"Matrimony."

AVE ATQUE VALE

Soon we shall leave these halls where we have turned
*E*ach day the Book of Knowledge, and have learned
*V*ast stores of teachings, but our minds shall hold
*E*ver the memory of these days of gold.
*N*o length of days or years can e'er erase
*T*he thoughts of High School from their dwelling place.
*E*astward the sky glows with the flush of morn;
*E*nters our hearts the thrill of life new-born.
*N*ow know—thy light shall all our days adorn.

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